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The Week

ONE should not expect a very scrupulous regard for facts in popular stump speeches, even when the speaker is the President of the United States. Many of Mr. Wilson's statements as to the cost of living and the treaty of peace may thus be regarded as in line with our prevailing standards of political campaigning. But the President perhaps reached the limit of oratorical license when he referred to his treaty as "a people's treaty," and declared "We must take it or leave it"—"It is this treaty or no other." If this is true, what is left of representative government? Surely the people of this country have not forgotten that the treaty was drawn by a few elder statesmen, sitting, for the most part, in secret conference. The first time "the people" have even indirectly come into the process of ratification is in the present consideration of the treaty by a popular representative body. Must this body "take it or leave it"—with no change? If Mr. Wilson were really concerned about the verdict of future history he would be more guarded in his references to the evils of minority government, of which he professes to regard Soviet Russia as the only sample.

MR. WILSON must be aware of the inconsistencies in many of his addresses; yet those inconsistencies he has repeated all the way across the Continent. He seems, for instance, never to be certain whether he ought to describe the Allied diplomats as friends or enemies of the Fourteen Points. On one occasion he speaks of a "people's peace"—and again he says (as at Indianapolis) "I need not tell you that at every turn in these discussions we came across some secret treaty, some understanding that had never been made public before, some understanding that embarrassed the whole settlement." He seems also to be doubtful how best to describe the Germans. At Omaha, for example, they were both powerless and mighty. "We did not ask Germany's consent with regard to the meaning of any one of those terms while we were in Paris," he said. "We told her what they meant and said 'sign here.'" But that is only one picture of the Germans. He has also, in making a case against amendments, to paint a completely different picture of German power. "Do they want me to ask the Germans if I may read the treaty to them in words the United States Senate thinks it ought to be written in?"

MR. BULLITT'S testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate shows what happened to the President's plan for a League of Nations when it reached the conference of the Premiers. Various clauses dealing with questions such as freedom of the seas and disarmament were knocked out entirely. Article X was rewritten. Originally it provided for future territorial readjustments that might be necessary by reason of changes in present racial conditions and aspirations or present social and political relationships, pursuant to the principle of self-determination." This provision for readjustment the Allied statesmen would not accept. They struck out everything in the article designed to save the League from being an instrument to maintain the status quo. Mr. Wilson's plan called for guarantees against violent readjustments and guarantees of peaceful readjustment. What he got was a guarantee against readjustments of any sort.

IT is in his report upon Russia, however, that Mr. Bullitt's testimony is most damaging to pretensions of open diplomacy on the part of America's delegates in Paris. From Russia, where he was officially sent, Mr. Bullitt brought back a peace offer from the Soviets. The terms of this offer seem

to have corresponded almost exactly with the terms Mr. Lloyd George's secretary had previously defined as Great Britain's. They included, in return for withdrawal of troops and the raising of the blockade, an offer on the part of the Soviet Government to assume responsibility for Russia's foreign debts and to recognize "all existing de facto governments which had been set up in Russia and Finland." On the basis of this offer there could have been peace in Russia—and a peace which protected all of the various governmental groups now supported by the Allies. But at the moment of Mr. Bullitt's return from Moscow Kolchak began to show signs of success—and the offer that could have brought peace was tucked away in the files of the Hotel Crillon.

WHAT promise of peace with Russia have we won, as the prize of banking on Kolchak? The military position of the Soviet armies, says Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, in a new statement, is considerably stronger than it was six weeks ago. "There is every probability that during the winter they will be able to organize in the Caucasus and north of the Caspian forces to attack Denikin in the rear next spring. The advance on Petrograd from the west remains a promise which is never fulfilled. And so it goes on. Lives, money and material have been wasted on useless enterprises, and a solution is no nearer than it has ever been. The plain fact is that under pretence of contributing to the defeat of Germany, Great Britain entered into a number of commitments in the East which had no bearing whatever on the main issue of the war."

KOLCHAK'S most recent reverses apparently amount to a loss of his entire southern army—45,000 men—to the Soviet forces operating in the region of Aktiubinsk and Orsk. But despite the fact that his defeats have for months been growing more complete the American government gives no sign of possessing an alternative for the disastrous policy it chose in the Spring. The blockade is still in force. And Secretary Baker tells a committee of the Senate that American troops cannot be withdrawn from Siberia because of a "real military and humanitarian reason." They must keep the railways open for the Red Cross. But they also keep the roads open for American munitions in a war to which this country has given neither its legal nor moral support. In Chicago Senator Johnson and Senator Borah found enthusiastic support for their demand that our troops be withdrawn; banners declared "Welcome to the men who are bringing our boys back from Siberia." There are many signs that the American people are less patient with the Administration's policy—and the report that the Grand Duke Michael has arrived at Kolchak's headquarters (a new democratic convert) will not brighten American enthusiasm for the interventionist crusade.

THE election of Mr. Arthur Henderson to the House of Commons is certain to rock the prestige of the Lloyd George cabinet. In the January elections, when Hang the Kaiser was the government's issue, Mr. Henderson went down with many other Labor and Liberal leaders. Now, standing for election at Widnes, a conservative stronghold for

thirty years, he wins with a turnover of 5,000 voters in a constituency of 20,000. His victory, as he says, is an emphatic condemnation of the policies of the coalition government and of the cynical political compromise upon which it rests. With his entrance into the House of Commons Mr. Henderson becomes the one outstanding figure in British politics.

THE unanimity with which the British Trades Union Congress rejected Mr. Lloyd George's scheme for management of the coal mines must have surprised even the government. By a vote of 4,478,000 to 77,000—a proportion of 58 to 1—the Congress demanded nationalization of the mines and instructed its Parliamentary Committee to carry that message to the Premier. Quite as significant as the vote was the debate which accompanied it. Conservative trades union leaders like Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. William Brace supported many of the arguments of the more radical Mr. Smillie—and Mr. Thomas pledged his own powerful union to nationalization of the railways as well as the mines. Direct action is not certain to follow the decision of the Trades Union Congress. That question is postponed. If the government stands firm a special session of the Congress is to be summoned "to decide the form of action to be taken to compel the government" to give way.

A NEW act is being staged in the cynical game the Allies are playing in Hungary. Americans will remember that to oust a communist government of which they did not approve the Allied diplomats promised support to the Hungarian trade unions if they set up a moderate socialist government. The trade unionists took the word of the Allies at its face value, overthrew Bela Kun, and destroyed the army that was Hungary's defence. Whereupon the monarchists staged a coup d'état—and the Rumanian army marched into Budapest. For a time the Allied statesmen assailed Rumania's action. Her army must withdraw, they said. The Hungarians must have self-determination. But now that they have protested enough to establish their integrity the diplomats in Paris seem to taken a new tack. "The Peace Conference has not asked the Rumanians to withdraw from Hungary," says an Associated Press dispatch; "in fact, it has urged them to leave sufficient forces to guarantee order pending Hungary's establishment of some sort of protection to prevent reversion to Bolshevism and other disturbances." To condone military occupation, which means a denial of self-determination, the threat of Bolshevism is always a convenient specter.

DESPITE the good humor with which Herr Renner signed the treaty, a point upon which all the correspondents commented, Austria is in poor shape to receive a peace which fixes for her an indefinite indemnity and takes away rich lands and several million Germans. The economic situation in Austria seems to grow worse and worse. Fear of famine, and the fall in the value of the crown, are two factors making for unrest. Strikes prevail in all trades, even in the professions. Into a confused political situation a new element has been injected by the formation of a Citizens' Committee to fight the program of the workmen.

Finally, between various districts there are quarrels over food and prices. "Each district is for itself," says an Associated Press dispatch, "and all of them are against Vienna."

A "sedition" that extends to three-quarters of the Irish people is now proclaimed by the British government. The government has only one policy at present, according to Lord French, and that is "to secure for all law-abiding subjects freedom and protection"—by the use of "the most drastic measures" if necessary. This policy involves the use of police and military force to suppress the Sinn Fein parliament, to seize Sinn Fein literature, to raid for arms, and to re-arrest the leaders released from jail some months since. Lord French announces the government's policy from Belfast, but with apparently no reference to Sir Edward Carson's sedition and no reference to the wrecking of Fermoy last week by hundreds of British soldiers who took this vengeance on the town because a comrade had been killed by Sinn Feiners. The re-introduction of drastic military methods into Ireland serves notice on the Irish that Lloyd George agrees with the Tories in making no distinction between sedition and self-determination. The immediate result must almost necessarily be an intensification of Sinn Fein.

TWO decisions have been reached by the United Mine Workers, in convention at Cleveland, that will have a profound effect on the development of American trade union policy. The miners have proposed an alliance with the Railway Brotherhoods which, if consummated, will establish the strongest partnership in American industry. They have also determined to demand the nationalization of the mines in which they labor. Concrete proposals for nationalization may be submitted by the Committee on Resolutions. Apparently the right of way is first to be granted to the Railway Brotherhoods, in their campaign for the Plumb Plan, with nationalization of the mines to be demanded subsequently. The depth to which traditional American trade union policy has been shaken by recent events is most clearly shown when conservative unions like the Mine Workers and the Brotherhoods, with conservative leaders, go on beyond wages and hours and demand fundamental changes in the control of their industries.

STEEL workers in the Chicago district have refused to accept Mr. Wilson's proposal for a postponement of their strike, and have issued orders that will call out 150,000 workers from the plants of Indiana, South Chicago, Joliet and Milwaukee. Whether there is still a chance for rescinding this order, and for averting at least temporarily a strike in other parts of the country, is to be determined by a union conference that will be held after this issue of *The New Republic* has gone to press. In any event, certainly the union leaders have made use of every means to present their demands without calling a strike. Turned down by the Steel Corporation they put their case before the President. Even now they may be able to hold the rank and file in check. But it is the rank and file, impatient and feeling itself unfairly treated, that will make it hard for the leaders to temporize.

Will the Republicans Save the League?

THE immensely confused conflict which rages about the peace treaty has now been reduced to concrete form by the reports of the Senate Committee. It is perhaps for the purpose of attempting an examination of the choices which are presented for debate on the floor of the Senate.

The reservations touching domestic affairs and the Monroe Doctrine may be put aside for the moment as raising no real issue between Mr. Wilson and the Senators who oppose him. All appear to be agreed that questions touching the Americas are excluded from jurisdiction. Mr. Wilson himself has said that he did not wish to define the Monroe Doctrine because the United States might wish to extend it and that he did not wish to enumerate domestic questions because the list might not be inclusive enough. The problems of the western hemisphere are thus by agreement on both sides excluded. So, too, by tacit consent are all problems affecting the high seas. The action of the League is confined to the great land mass of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and the issue to be settled in the Senate is the relation of the United States to that territory and to the people living on it.

The present treaty attempts to define that relationship. Not only does it provide for American membership in the League, but it does two other things of great importance. It engages the United States in a general guaranty, and it involves participation in the commissions set up to administer the settlement with Germany. What Mr. Lodge's report proposes to do is to create a League, but to cut out both the general guaranties and the particular duty of administering the Treaty with Germany. In a very exact sense the amendments and reservations dissociate the League of Nations from the treaty with Germany. They will also dissociate the League from the other treaties now being framed at Paris.

The partisans of Mr. Wilson will, of course, claim that this drastic separation of the League and the treaties is a destruction of the League. The truth is, in our opinion, more likely to be the exact contrary. The action may prove to be the salvation of the League. The thing which emerged from Paris under the fine name of a League of Nations was the original idea prostituted to the enforcement of an impossible and disorderly settlement. Some there were who hoped that the League might correct the settlement, but those who looked more closely at the matter soon realized that this was improbable. To make the League an agency

for executing the disastrous errors of the treaties was far more likely to make it either another Holy Alliance or to destroy it. The presence of a power disinterested as to Europe has always been recognized as essential to a League. Under the treaty as written America was so permanently aligned on the side of those who temporarily dominate Europe that America instead of becoming a force for moderation was made the means of a more extreme policy. The conception of the Treaty of Versailles is an alliance of the Allies imposing its will upon Europe and Asia east of the Rhine. The result of the Senate's proposals would be in some measure to restore the idea of a league primarily interested not in the subjugation of Central Europe, but in the preservation of European peace.

The Senate reservations, examined closely, will be seen to strike at the idea that the main business of the League is to enforce the settlement of Paris. They limit the powers of the League as an agency for executing the treaties, but that very fact gives the League a chance to grow into an agency for restoring the peace of Europe. The League, no longer fatally compromised by a bad treaty, may be saved as the nucleus of a better world order. What then becomes of the treaties? In extricating the United States from the burden of enforcing them, the question of revision is put squarely before the people of France and England. Those two nations can enforce the treaty if they wish to. The Germans are disarmed, the British fleet is still all powerful and Marshal Foch with a few hundred thousand men can parade all over Germany unopposed. But the prospect is a gloomy one, and will seem gloomier as men weigh the consequences and think what it all means for the future of Europe. With most of the resources of western civilization behind them foolish men might be tempted to try the folly of permanently subjugating Central Europe. With nothing but their own force to rely upon they will be far less tempted, and the time is approaching when a more liberal France and a more liberal England will prefer peace in Europe to an ultimately disastrous attempt at what never yet has succeeded in all history. The Senate's action will very definitely hasten the day when the temporary experiments of the Big Four will give place to a statesmanlike regard for the whole of Europe.

It should frighten no one to have it said that this turns the League into an influential debating society. Far better that it should survive as that than that the idea should be entirely destroyed because the League was engaged in imposing upon most of Europe and Asia conditions which are thoroughly unworkable. An influential debating society, in which all great nations participate, in

which world problems can be aired, is not to be sneered at in an age when men's opinions count more and more in the affairs of state. A debating society is far preferable to an alliance, for while a debating society may acquire increasing usefulness, a military alliance leads inevitably to those provocative policies which mean rebellion and war.

The League which will emerge after the Senate has finished with it is not the League that men hoped for during the war, but it is at least not a direct contradiction of it. The reason why those who originally cared most for the League are so critical of the Covenant is that the Conference revealed a very important lesson. That lesson is that the League is no better than the governments which compose it, and that the governments now in the League are run by groups of men who are not far seeing enough, not generous enough, not honest enough to prefer peace to special advantages. It has therefore become necessary to work for a liberalization of the administration in all the principal countries, and the test of its accomplishment will be found in the willingness to right the wrongs of the treaties. Until liberalism triumphs it is unsafe to give power to any international organization whether it calls itself a League of Nations or anything else. For illiberal governments can and will abuse every bit of extra power they possess.

Whether it will take much time or little to put in power new men with better ideas no one can say. But when these men are in control of the governments at least two very important things are likely to occur in world politics. The fear of extending the power of the "debating society" will diminish, and the need of power will also diminish. The infernally quarrelsome governments now engaged in agitating the world can not be made peaceful by any external pressure. These governments control the means of exerting the pressure and they use it for what they vainly imagine to be national purposes. The idea that any covenant they make will alter their character is unreal. Their character can only be altered by forces within each nation, and once those forces have learned how to control their governments, the nature of international conflicts will be much less dangerous.

The choice one may say is between a League to Enforce Peace and a League of Free Nations, between a League based on the policing of those who need to be policed by those who themselves need to be policed, and a League in which the liberalism of the constituent nations reduces the need of policing and at the same time produces policemen of good character. The Senate is proposing to knock out the whole conception which lies at the

root of the League to Enforce Peace. But it leaves an open field to those who believe in a League of Free Nations. The latter must wish the Senators success. When the reservations have been made, the hope of a real League may not be so far advanced as the aspirations of November, 1918, but it will not be so hopelessly lost as it was after the Paris winter of 1919. With the debating society as a basis the original program can be revived. Combined with an unceasing effort for domestic liberalism, will go a movement to make the debating society truly inclusive and ultimately representative. There will then come a time when no matter really affecting the peace of the world will be excluded from the discussion of the League, and it may well turn out that what is in the sphere of its discussion will prove to be also in the sphere of its decision.

If it should happen that Mr. Lodge who does not believe in it saved the League from Mr. Wilson who does believe in it, the world will simply have witnessed one more example of statesmen who contrived results other than those they foresaw.

The Police Strike

THE two issues of national importance raised by the Boston police are the right to strike, and the right to affiliate with other labor unions. There are a number of conditions which have arisen in Boston that are more or less peculiar to Boston, such as the relation between the state and the municipality in their jurisdiction over the police. But the essential questions: whether policemen may strike, and whether they may associate themselves with organized labor, are of the very widest importance.

One fact and one conclusion may be taken as settled for the purposes of the argument. The fact is that the policemen were underpaid and have a very real human grievance. It is attested by the announcement that the salaries of the new force to be recruited in Boston will be based on a minimum of \$1400 plus equipment as against \$1100 out of which uniforms had to be bought. The matter cannot be argued fairly without vividly realizing that the policemen are trying to remedy a real grievance, and not merely trying maliciously to upset law and order. It must also be assumed that all civil employees, whether well paid or badly, not only have the right to organize and to collective bargaining, but that it is socially desirable that they should exercise this right.

The right to strike needs therefore to be discussed on the assumption that the police should be organized, and that at present they have real

grievances. Should they as an organized body use the strike to remedy their grievances? That the question should have been allowed to arise in any community which pretends to value law and order is amazing. The politicians and the indignant good people of Massachusetts cannot acquit themselves of an enormous folly in permitting the police to become discontented. The merest prudence should have told them that if they cared for law and order, they must pay the police well and remedy their grievances. They have not done so, and consequently thinking people are forced to debate the question of a police strike on the unfavorable assumption that the police have just claims which are ignored if they be pressed merely by argument.

To deny any body of free men the right to strike is a serious thing. Yet even admitting the full force of the policemen's case, the denial must be made. Like the soldier, his function is different from that of any other employee. He exercises the ultimate force of the government as an agent of the government, and the right to exercise that force cannot be permitted to drift into the hands of any men other than the legal representatives of the community. In the case of the policemen, as of the soldier, it is of course possible to conceive of conflicts in which disobedience to orders is a duty. A soldier or policeman may, for instance, be commanded to take part in a coup d'etat or pogrom, but short of these extreme cases, the rule must hold.

That various municipal governments have used the policemen in an arbitrary way, or in the interests of a special class is painfully true. But in a civilized state the fact must be remedied not by police or military pronouncements but by democratizing the control of the state. The exercise of the force of the state cannot normally be left to the discretion either of policemen or of soldiers. As nearly as it is humanly possible to make them they should be its neutrally-minded agents. Once admit that under conditions which do not justify revolution they may themselves decide when they will enforce law, and you get under the illusive appearance of democracy what is really a most dangerous kind of militarism. For the absolute control of all armed force by civilian authority is one phase of democracy that cannot be compromised and it is on the hypothesis of such ordered majority rule that we propose in the United States to proceed. This rule cannot be compromised even to remedy a real grievance.

The objection to affiliation with the A. F. of L. is not met by the argument that in most strikes the police have acted ruthlessly on behalf of the enemies of the A. F. of L. It is true that they

have. It is true that affiliation would make such ruthlessness more difficult. But the price is too great. The A. F. of L. represents only a fraction of the community, and only a section of the working class. It is no doubt more often right than wrong in its contests. But it is led by men who are subject to all the normal temptations of power, who also have vested interests, are often class selfish, are occasionally undemocratic and anti-social, and are sometimes profoundly reactionary. Only a convinced revolutionary syndicalist can look upon the A. F. of L. as the representative of a new social order, and therefore the rightful trustee of the police power.

Believing as we do in the evolution of the present state towards more complete democracy, we cannot believe in the surrender of any part of its ultimate force to a special interest, no matter how much we sympathize normally with that interest. To the assertion of the fact that the police are now often affiliated with special interests, only that they happen to be the employers' interests, the reply is that this is recognized as a form of corruption to be remedied as fast as labor and liberalism are adequately represented politically. In spite of the way the police are used in strikes, the tradition persists in American life that the state is not to be the instrument of a class. This tradition may in innumerable cases be a mere fiction, but even as a fiction it preserves an ideal of social policy which no democrat can afford to abandon. To accept the affiliation of the police with the A. F. of L. is to abandon it, and to accept the class view of the state. It would immediately evoke a reaction. Other classes in the community, having lost all confidence in the police would simply proceed to organize militia, constabularies, and vigilance committees affiliated with them. Along that road lies civil war. The absolute subordination of armed force to the legal state, and the belief that the legal state must represent the common interest in the adjustment of special interests are among the great democratic victories of modern times. It must be maintained as the basis of social progress, in spite of the hypocrisies which attend it in practice and in spite of the temporary conveniences which its abandonment might seem to promise.

But when all that is said and insisted upon, let no one delude himself into thinking that he has settled the issues raised by the Boston police. The firmer his conviction that police should not strike nor affiliate with organized labor, the more necessary is it for him to act quickly on the grievances of the police and on the modernization of police methods in the handling of industrial strikes. Any one who is complacent about an underpaid employee, whether he be policeman or mechanic,

any one who is satisfied with the crass injustice that is so frequently used against wage workers, is indulging in pretence and insincerity when he claims that he opposes the Boston police out of respect for the American tradition. The Boston police, and any who may imitate them, will have to be opposed, but only those who insist on remedying their grievances and on greater impartiality in strikes can undertake to do so with a clear conscience.

Mr. Rublee and Article X

IN his letter of September 17 Mr. Rublee argues that the obligations under Article Ten are operative only after an extraordinary set of circumstances have taken place. If we understand him correctly, Article Ten is nothing but a rule binding upon the peace conferences which will follow permitted wars under the League of Nations. At these peace conferences, it will be the duty of the League to see that there is no impairment of territorial integrity or political independence. The value of the Article, on this theory, is that since even a permitted war under the League cannot alter the territorial or juridical status quo ante the incentive to engage in such permitted wars will therefore be reduced.

Mr. Rublee is absolute in his belief that the Article refers only to future peace conferences.

It is not a part of the machinery to prevent wars. That machinery is found in Articles XII, XIII, XV, and XVI. Thus a member of the League resorting to war in disregard of its covenants under Article X is not under Article XVI deemed to have committed an act of war against the other member of the League and is not subject to the sanctions provided in case of a disregard of the covenants under Articles XII, XIII, XV.

You can go to war if the Council does not make a unanimous report. That means that if one friend on the Council is with you, you may go to war. You may invade, you may occupy a country. None of this violates Article Ten. But at some time or other, the time being unspecified, it will become the duty of the League to see that in the treaty of peace the territorial integrity and political independence of the conquered nation is not impaired. We heartily agree with Mr. Rublee that "if the preceding exposition is sound it shows that Article Ten has far less importance in its practical bearing than has been supposed."

But is the interpretation sound? It may be. But Mr. Rublee would agree that in a matter of this kind it is important that the words should as nearly

as possible express the intention. That intention ought to reveal itself fairly quickly not only to Mr. Rublee but to the average senator. Nothing would have been easier than to say in plain English what Mr. Rublee says the Article means. For example:

The members of the League undertake to restore the status quo ante at the conclusion of permitted wars in respect to previous territorial integrity and the previously existing political independence.

This is hardly the meaning which Article Ten has conveyed to most people. For convenience we quote it again:

The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

Remember that according to Mr. Rublee this obligation comes into existence only at the conclusion of a permitted war. Thus the word "aggression" assumes a quite curious meaning. It no longer signifies armed invasion, and more or less prolonged occupation, though these are the usual meanings of the word. Interpreted by Mr. Rublee, and by the President at the White House conference, invasion becomes aggression only when it is accompanied by a purpose to alter formally the status quo ante as to boundaries or sovereignty. Now Mr. Rublee would be the last to deny, we believe, that you can completely subjugate a country by the terror of an intervention, and in all essential matters annex it by economic privileges and still formally restore its "territorial integrity and existing political independence." As he reads it, Article Ten is nothing but the obligation at some unspecified time after invasion and occupation (in the case of permitted war) to insist on this formal restoration. To the country which has been invaded, occupied, and wrecked, from which the control of its economic resources has been taken away, formal sovereignty is at no specified time to be returned—and this we are asked to believe is a fulfillment of the obligation under Article Ten. On these terms Ludendorff would have been quite prepared to respect the territorial integrity of Belgium, as Japan is now prepared on these same terms to respect the sovereignty and integrity of China in Shantung. We cannot help remarking that if this is the sound interpretation of Article Ten, the conference certainly selected extraordinarily devious language to express it. Article Ten, on this theory, seems to be a little worse than worthless, because it is actually misleading. For the average man can hardly be expected to put so subtle and so deferred a meaning upon phrases

like "as against external aggression" and "any threat or danger of such aggression."

We are not forgetting that Articles XI to XVI can, if effectively used, delay war, and perhaps in many cases inhibit it. But as Mr. Rublee himself reminds us, wars are under certain circumstances permitted. He regards these circumstances as remote. It is difficult to see why he should so regard them. War is permitted if the Council is not unanimous, not in the least a remote contingency in view of the fact that the growth of special alliances and understandings within the League is proceeding merrily with Mr. Wilson's active assistance. Nothing is easier to imagine than a permitted war between Rumania and Hungary because the Quai d'Orsay refuses to sign a unanimous report against Rumania. And of course in the case of an alignment of powers such as preceded the Great War, there is absolutely nothing in the machinery of the League to forbid it though there are provisions which might have hindered it. If we imagine the status of 1914 with Germany, as she would have been then, a member of the Council, Austria's war against Serbia might not have been condemned by unanimous report and would therefore have been a permitted war.

We do not draw from this the moral that the League is useless. The mere fact that it establishes a diplomatic clearing house is gigantic progress, and has immense possibilities of good for the future. Under no circumstances ought this to be abandoned. But we submit that its value depends not upon the distinctions between permitted and prohibited wars, nor on formal pledges as to what will be done after permitted wars, but solely on the strength of the desire in the principal nations to readjust matters before they have reached the point of threatening war. Such a desire is evinced in Article XI; it seems to us flagrantly obstructed by Article X. As we read this article in the context of the covenant the League has no power to readjust any grievance except by unanimous vote. Unanimity will be extraordinarily difficult to obtain for a long time whenever the result of the action would be to take something away from somebody who has a friend in the Council. Yet we fully recognize the difficulty at the present time of giving the League power under anything less than unanimity. But the effect of Article Ten interpreted as Mr. Rublee explains it is to increase the difficulty of securing unanimity, because the power in possession is ultimately guaranteed possession, and can therefore afford to decline the suggestion of a not unanimous council. That statement may be qualified. The Great Power can afford to decline the demand of a small power because it need not fear the effects of a permitted war; but the small power cannot so easily afford

to decline the demand of a Great Power, because a permitted war, even if the peace treaty restores the formal status quo ante, means disaster. A Great Power has only to agree with one other member of the Council, and it is free to coerce small powers.

Since Article Ten, according to Mr. Rublee, does not prohibit invasion, since it merely promises at no specified time to restore the form, but not necessarily the substance, of the status quo ante, and therefore offers no special protection to the weak state; since under the commoner interpretation it helps the strong state in resisting adjustments, above all since it is profoundly ambiguous, raising hopes it does not fulfill, producing effects that no progressive would desire, it would be better to abandon it. Cutting out Article X has no great importance if Mr. Rublee is right; leaving it in has great dangers if Mr. Root, for example, should happen to be right. A solemn covenant that conveys such opposite meanings to the countrymen of the man who helped to write it will hardly contribute much to the ordered sanity of the world.

The League as an institution for consulting and advising would remain, and that is an excellent beginning on which to build. But progress with it will depend not on the "covenants" which it contains, but on the will of the governments which participate. It is a bad piece of legalism to put faith in any specific pledge written into the document, and it is bad to have in that document pledges in which one can't have faith. Equivocal pledges, ingenious mechanical contrivances are the material of sophistry and intrigue, and it is poor service to the idea of a League for Mr. Wilson to be calling some one or two or three of them the backbone of the League. Under the circumstances as they have revealed themselves in Europe we should regard the League as based on a sounder principle if it contained nothing but a statement that all nations undertake to be represented at some place in order to consult continuously on all matters affecting the friendship of nations.

That would throw the responsibility for peace where it must rest, upon the good will and intelligence and inventiveness of the constituent nations. It abandons the rather empty idea that you can order the future by covenants, instead of by the continuous adjustment of interests, and it will, we think, reveal more quickly the supreme lesson of the Peace Conference, namely, that governing groups whose interests are undemocratic will exploit the formulae of democracy in order to subvert its substance. In urging a policy that emasculates the covenant of all pledges, the reservationists are preventing the peoples of the world from being lulled by a dangerous bit of legalism.

The Cummins Bill

JUST before he left for France, President Wilson washed his hands of the railroad problem. He announced that he had no railroad policy, and left the matter entirely in the hands of Congress. Among railroad men the center of interest shifted from the White House to the Capitol. Senator Cummins, ranking Republican authority on railroads, became the man on whom their hopes and fears were focused.

For many months Senator Cummins's Committee on Interstate Commerce held public hearings and absorbed knowledge. For many more months his special sub-committee pondered privately. The bill which this sub-committee has at last reported is one which may well make the President and his railroad advisers smile. For Congress has proved that under its present leadership it is as incapable of producing a workable railroad policy as the President admitted himself to be eleven months ago.

It is impossible to emphasize too often that a workable railroad policy must contain three essential features. It must ensure financial stability. It must provide for the efficiency and economy which can come only from unified non-competitive operation. And it must satisfy the legitimate demand of labor for a large share in railroad management.

Of these three requirements of a sound railroad policy, the first is the most urgent. Our railroad system as a whole is close to insolvency. It needs new capital, both to meet maturing indebtedness and for physical rehabilitation and extension, but its credit is gone, and except at exorbitant cost, only the government itself can restore railroad credit. What does Mr. Cummins's committee propose? Government ownership? No. Government guarantee of earnings? Not at all. Instead it proposes that all earnings above "fair" earnings be *taken away* from the roads, and used one-half for the benefit of employees, and one-half for equipment purchases and other needs of a similar nature.

It is hard to believe that the committee seriously believes that this is a solution of the financial problem. One class of purchasers of railroad securities, those who look for safe investments with certain returns, have already been hopelessly alienated. The only remaining class, those who are willing to sacrifice safety for a possible speculative return, will hardly be attracted by Senator Cummins's proposal. In addition there is injected into the situation a hopeless uncertainty as to what will be held to be a "fair" return. At best, a few weak companies may hope to have their financial require-

ments temporarily met out of the surplus fund. No permanent strengthening of credit is promised. It is tolerably clear why the committee reported so futile a proposal. It had the sagacity to realize that a government guarantee coupled with private ownership and operation was politically impossible. And it did not have the courage to accept the necessary consequence that government ownership was therefore inevitable.

The Committee's contribution toward the second problem, that of unified operation, is hardly more promising. A transportation board is to divide the country into from 20 to 35 railroad regions, and for seven years there is to be permissive consolidation, within each region, subject to the board's approval. Thereafter consolidation is to be compulsory. In the absence of a fixed and clearly defined basis of consolidation, this means a seven-year period of financial intrigue and jockeying for position, with untold opportunity for exploitation by inside banking interests, and inevitable oppression of weak roads by strong. And even if consolidation into 20 to 35 systems is successfully accomplished, it will not achieve unified operations. For the regional companies are to be competitive. At all costs Senator Cummins proposes to retain that great principle of competition, which, more than anything else, is responsible for the ruin of our transportation system.

The most striking weakness of the sub-committee's bill, however, lies in its labor policy. The bill retains the traditional policy of capitalist operation, tempered only by a minority representation of labor and government on the board of directors. The employees are to have no controlling influence over even the smallest element of railroad operation. On any question they can be regularly outvoted by the majority directors. But the one weapon by which they have in the past been able to maintain their standard of living is taken away from them. It is made a criminal offense to strike.

Consider how this proposal is likely to appeal to the railroad worker. He knows that from the railroad managements he cannot expect any decent consideration on humanitarian grounds alone. Almost all the concessions which he has wrung from them in the past have been the reward of concerted power backed by the threat of a strike. It is true that the committee's plan places ultimate control over wages and terms of employment in a government body—the same Transportation Board which is to regulate railroad consolidation and supervise railroad finance. But can the railroad worker feel certain of substantially better treatment from the Board? It represents the public, which must ultimately pay for wage increases.

It is exposed to the pressure of financial interests, of shippers and of security owners, who will combine to fight vehemently any wage increase. There is little hope that such a board will do justice to labor unless it has not only sympathy for labor's needs, but respect for labor's power.

The railroad Brotherhoods will have justice on their side if they use all their power to fight any such plan of private operation coupled with prohibition of strikes. Their very future as an organized force working for the welfare of railroad labor is at stake. For with such a plan in effect, and a reactionary government in office, railroad labor would be well along the road toward industrial serfdom.

A general railroad strike is a terrible thing to contemplate. The loss and the suffering would be appalling. But there are even more terrible things to contemplate than a railroad strike, and a permanent state of industrial serfdom is one of them. If the railroad workers are driven to the extremity of a general strike to preserve their industrial liberty, Congress and not the Brotherhoods will be the aggressor.

To Stabilize the Living Wage

UNDOUBTEDLY profiteering has a good deal to do with the high cost of living. All of us whose incomes are fixed or relatively inflexible have been growing steadily poorer since 1914, and we bear this the harder because we know that, sprinkled over the face of the country are favored individuals who have waxed enormously rich. Did not these individuals do their utmost to hoist prices to their profit and our bane? Of course they did, and if, having the power, we fail to make them disgorge, we are fools. But let us not suppose that thereby we shall have solved our problem of making ends meet smoothly. The profiteer rode into his fortune on a tide quite too stupendous to be ascribed to any personal chicanery or wizardry. From Patagonia to Cape Nome, from New York all round the world, the cost of living has climbed to an unprecedented level. We fret over our 91 per cent increase (up to May 15; it has risen since). Australia, lost in the distant ocean, got off with a 40 per cent increase. Canada had to stand for an increase of 104.5 per cent; Great Britain, 140; Paris, 148; Sweden, 234. Italy and Spain, Vienna, Berlin and Moscow could throw these figures into the shade. But they stopped reckoning percentages long ago. What they think of the cost of living cannot be expressed in calm figures. In Moscow, according to the atrocity literature, they cut off the heads of a squad of profiteers, supposed to be the

wizards who brought on this tidal wave. We are beginning to sympathize with the spirit in which they did this, now that our own Attorney General is capering about with a knife in his teeth. But rationally considered, isn't all that more in the nature of an emotional release rather than a solution?

If mankind must have wars, with millions of men diverted from production, and with governments appearing in the depleted markets, buying, buying, buying, with bank credits based on government loans, as in America, with such credits and irredeemable banknotes besides, as in England and France, with the same and with unlimited fiat money in addition, as in Italy, Germany, the late Dual Empire and Russia, what is to be expected? Prices will rise and go on rising, even after the initial causes have exhausted themselves. Every seller will recognize that he is dealing with customers who expect to be plucked for higher prices. Shall he refrain from plucking them? Preposterous question: that would be ethics, not business. Besides, every seller today is a buyer tomorrow, and as a buyer he will expect to be plucked; nor will he be disappointed in this expectation.

In a world exposed to wars there will be great upward and downward movements of prices, whether any one consciously and criminally profiteers or not. There will be such movements even without wars, so long as the dissociated governments of the world hold aloof from the active control of the economic process, either through the regulation of production or the regulation of the price level by means of the currency mechanism. Will the governments ever associate for such purposes as the control of production and prices? We leave prophecy to those who are born to the calling. But in the meantime we who are not prophets need to counsel together on the question of devising means for obviating the more oppressive and dangerous consequences of the periodic price fluctuations.

The consequences of gravest import—this we think no one will deny—bear upon the position of the wage earner. When the curve of prices is upward, production is encouraged with the result, first, that employment is available for the normal reserve of unemployed and underemployed labor, and second, that the competition for labor raises wages. But the tendency toward rising wages encounters great resistance. Every employer fears that when prices slump, as they may at any time, wages will refuse to come down; therefore he would rather reject lucrative orders than bid higher for additional labor. When labor is alert and well organized the employer may be compelled to raise wages, under penalty of forfeiting his share in the

general prosperity. But it is, and must remain, the exceptional case where labor is organized well enough to force wages to advance simultaneously with prices and in the same degree. It is the rule that wages lag until the relation between income and cost of living becomes distressing and discouraging, and then advance by jerks, in consequence of struggles that impair production and disturb the social order.

Such is the course of the upward movement of prices and its consequences for labor. But what goes up must come down; in time we shall see a reverse movement of prices; shall we not then see labor regaining what it lost through the period of inflation? Unfortunately economic equations never come out square. In the period of rising prices the laborer gets less and less, if his reward is measured in terms of purchasing power. In the period of declining prices he would get more and more, if he kept his job. But that is the capital difficulty. For the working class as a whole the compensation which falling prices offer for the distress created by rising prices is most likely to consist of unemployment. And a good part of the reason for this is the fact that wages do not readjust readily to the new price situation. When everything else is coming down, wages stick at a level which makes production unprofitable. That level was attained at a great cost to labor. Therefore the level must be maintained, no matter what the consequences. Otherwise, in the next period of rising prices labor must again fight its way up from the bottom.

Now, is it not an astonishing thing that our political and industrial leaders, all of whose interests are vested in the stability of the existing order, should stand complacently by while the ebb and flow of price fluctuations beat the subsistence of labor against the rocks? Most of them chuckled joyously over the press accounts of Henry Ford's lapses in historical knowledge. What is their own historical competence if they have failed to recognize the fact that subsistence crises have underlain practically every revolutionary movement of history? The subsistence of the people is social dynamite. And, generally speaking dynamite had better be handled with care.

Of course the present condition is dangerous, every one will admit, but what is there to do about it? Two things: tie up wages, or that part of wages which corresponds with subsistence, to the price level; and establish the principle that so long as there are any resources in society at all, general unemployment will not be permitted. The second object may be attained by a judicious distribution of public works and through the encouragement, through governmental control of finance, of produc-

tion for reserves. There is no reason why we should permit a temporary lack of demand to blow out our blast furnaces, close down our brick and cement plants or any other production of imperishables. It behooves us to be thinking about this problem now, for the ebb toward lower levels cannot be far distant.

But to tie up wages with the price level, so that conscious or unconscious price manipulation shall not snatch the bread from the workingman's table or syphon the milk out of his baby's bottle—how can that be done? We do not minimize the gravity of the problem. It may be as difficult as the problem of conquering the air. But it is a problem better worth solving, from the point of view of those who hold vested interests in the present order. It cannot fall amiss to offer a tentative solution.

That solution involves a modification of the present form of wages contract. A certain grade of labor was earning, we will say, \$100 monthly in the normal period before the great rise in prices. Of that amount \$80 was spent—so a study of family budgets proves—on sheer necessities. That \$80 was matter of public concern; the other \$20 only of private concern. By 1919 the same group of necessities, according to the most scientific index, has come to cost \$160. Then that grade of labor ought now to be receiving at least \$180, and we should have had a mechanism that would produce this result without the slightest effort toward readjustment, either unorganized or organized, on the part of labor. That is, the provision for readjustment ought to inhere in the ordinary wages contract. Let the contract be written in definite money terms, as today, if necessary; but let it be understood that if the index of necessities has gone up ten per cent in any month the worker will find in his pay envelope not \$100, or \$80 for necessities and \$20 over, but \$108—or \$88 for necessities plus \$20 over. Conversely, if the index falls, let this fact also be registered in the pay envelope of the worker.

But this would be to throw the burden of advancing costs of living upon the employers who are not as individuals responsible for it. Exactly, just as workingmen's compensation throws upon them a burden for which they are not individually responsible. Experience has shown that, responsible or not for the accidents that demand compensation, employers have shown remarkable ingenuity in reducing the number of accidents since the principle of compensation was applied. If rent profiteering and groceries profiteering hit the pocket of the manufacturer and of the financier who backs him, will they be so passive about it as now? We doubt it. Also, we doubt their incapacity to do anything about it.

Are we not overlooking the possibility that the official index by which wages adjustments are gauged may depart widely from actual prices charged in a particular locality? No; we recognize that some workers will find that while the readjustment amounts to ten per cent the actual cost of necessities in their vicinity has gone up fifteen per cent. They will want to know the reason why and will be likely to apply to the attorney general for help in explaining the facts. That will amount to a profiteering net that will actually catch something. Or if the employer finds that he has been mulcted in a ten per cent increase while necessities of life in his vicinity have gone up only five per cent, he will start an inquiry for the purpose of finding out what is the matter with the rest of the country.

It may be urged that this is to attempt to crystallize wages—measured by purchasing power—at an arbitrarily chosen level. Not at all. We conceive that so long as the economic life of the nation is organized on a basis of private enterprise there will always be a struggle between labor and capital over the surplus of production. The laborer of our hypothesis receives the necessities of life plus \$20. Why should not that \$20 be increased to \$40 or more and the return to capital be correspondingly reduced? It should be, if the workers can compass it, but winning it is their private and class interest. To assure them the means of subsistence whatever may happen in the way of price fluctuations—that is not a class interest, but a general interest. To continue a condition in which the worker must organize to fight not for the surplus above any one's necessities, but for the very means of life, is not in the interest of the state as we know it nor even of the employing class. It is rather in the exclusive interest of the social revolution.

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England and the Senate's Inquisition

IT does not matter much to Americans what we in England think of the grand inquest which they are holding on the peace treaty and the Covenant of the League. It has probably never occurred to them how extraordinary is the spectacle which they present at this moment to European eyes. Here is the greatest of existing democracies poking its nose, its ears and its intelligence into foreign policy. It is actually found debating whether or not and on what terms it shall accept as part of its future life a complete immersion in world-politics. It would seem as though the people of the United States really believed that the catastrophe of a great war, the possibility of which is at the back of this controversy, with the consequent killing and maiming of millions of their lives, was a matter that concerned them quite as closely as the politics of railroads or tariffs or the parish pump.

It is not so much the debate in the press that surprises us, although that too is carried on with a rigor in dissection and a thoroughness in research that has no parallel here. It is the activities of the Senate and its Foreign Relations Committee that make us gasp. These audacious people, we read, are going to debate the peace treaty for weeks or, it may be, for months. Some of them are for rejecting it, out of hand, some for sending it back with such qualifications as would make it in effect a new instrument, others are for accepting it only on certain understandings which they will attach to their consent. All these sections, apparently, are determined that their voice and their views shall be impressed on the final settlement when it is reached. And how do they behave, to attain their end? They hold an inquiry into the character and origin of the peace treaty. They examine statesmen, journalists, anyone who can throw light into the dark places. They ask for documents, including "secret" documents, and even the original drafts on which the diplomats built up the finished work. They want to know how certain clauses were arrived at. It is bad enough to "want to know" in general, but when curiosity extends to the means and methods by which diplomacy arrives at its conclusions, it becomes (in the eyes of diplomacy) indecent.

How is the old diplomatic game to be carried on at all if its conventions of furtive reticence are to be exposed to an ignorant but honest world? "I know," says one statesman to another, "that I deceived you when I kept back from you the knowledge of such and such an agreement, and you know that I deceived you. But, after all, that is

the game, of which I know—and you ought to have known—the rules and customs. On such terms we could meet again, but if all the world comes prying and you blurt it out to all the world, where shall we be? Heavens! if the House of Commons should suddenly insist on having the record of all the negotiations, written and oral, which went to the making of our new convention with Persia or to the 'deal' with France over Syria and the East!" But if the Senate Committee has gone even further. It has a three hours' heart-to-heart talk with the President. From him also, most pertinaciously, it "wants to know." It asks whether he is satisfied with the treaty in certain points, and, if not, whether he worked to make it better, whether he is himself responsible for this or that, what precise obligation will be laid on the United States by its assent to the Covenant, and so forth. We must be pardoned for repeating what is so well known in the United States, but these things make us rub our eyes. Here is a strange phenomenon—a democracy which insists on knowing what manner of road it is on which it is invited to go, who laid the road and with what materials, and what goal lies at the end of it. No, indeed, such things "are not done" in the democracy of England.

Making all allowances for the influence of partisan feeling in the United States, British liberals regard what is happening there with envy and anticipation. In England it would be idle to pretend that the public mind is greatly stirred over the French treaty, the peace treaty or the deficiencies of the League Covenant. The French treaty, which binds us to France in the event of "unprovoked aggression"—an ambiguous and disputable phrase—has been swallowed without a tremor; few people recognize the admission which it implicitly makes of lack of confidence in the League or realize the advantage which it gives to France in her ubiquitous politico-military campaign to establish her leadership in Europe. The House of Commons had its debate on the treaty but it has long ceased to exercise any real influence on foreign politics. It is, as it has been for years, intimidated by the Executive, which has the power to threaten members with a general election (that is to say with the loss of their seats) whenever they show signs of contumacy. It has no organ of inquiry and of criticism like the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Chamber or the American Senate. Liberals have agitated for such a body and the immense service which it might do to the state has been shown by the new Committee on

Expenditure, which has at least provided a great mass of useful material for public opinion and Parliament to work on. But the public is by inclination and tradition too apathetic about foreign affairs to take an interest in the demand for a committee. The House of Commons, but for a few exceptional members, shares the ignorance and insularity of the public, and the government (with the Foreign and War Offices behind it) would resist the innovation to the death.

There is a relevant story of the first peace conference at the Hague. Some distinguished British journalists had interviewed Marshall von Bieberstein, afterwards Ambassador to England, about Germany's aims and policy. He gave them full and frank material to lay before the British public. Then they went on to the British delegation to obtain the British point of view for publication. An interval of waiting followed and then the message came that there was "nothing to say to reporters." The tradition still persists. The Foreign office can, and does, ignore Parliament and the public because neither one nor the other is concerned to do what the Senate Committee has been doing—to find out the history and the significance, the past and the future, of the policy to which the Executive intends to commit the nation.

Of course Parliament and, ultimately, the nation are to blame. The only thing that a ministry is supremely sensitive about is loss of power, or in other words the discontent of the electorate. The only aspect of foreign policy that has lately stirred the British public is the Russian expedition, and on that subject the government, simply and solely through its fear of the electorate, has been compelled so far to yield as to promise the withdrawal of the British troops in north Russia (not, by the way, of the naval squadrons or the military "missions") before next winter. The case of Russia illustrates the insularity and the lack of imagination of the average Briton. He is agitated about Russia because it means the actual and present loss of British lives, which comes home to him at once, and because he sees in it the seeds of permanent conscription, which comes home to him as an immediate threat; he sees in it, too, a campaign against labor, and, being himself engaged, as he dimly realizes, in the first stage of a bitter struggle by which labor will eventually transform the social and industrial system, he interprets the Russian expedition as being in some measure directed against labor aims in general and his own half-realized aspirations in particular. But he has neither the knowledge nor the vision, even after the war, to realize the close connection of European and world politics with the provision of bread, butter and security for his own family. If he did but realize it, he would insist on having the neces-

sary machinery for informing himself about the doings of his government in the foreign field and he would insist on the government carrying out the general policy which he approved.

It is one of the weaknesses of the British Labor party that it has always underestimated alike the importance of foreign policy and its capacity to understand and influence it. The task of working for a liberal foreign policy in Parliament has been left almost exclusively to a tiny group of radicals who, with their limited opportunities, have always been unable to break through the barrier of official obstruction and make-believe. It is something of a tragedy for us that the Labor party, which furnishes the only force in England that is likely to pursue a sincere policy of international peace and reconciliation, has concentrated itself so long and exclusively on wages, hours and the conditions of labor, that it has little experience, knowledge or driving power to bring into the international field. Yet how ironical is it, after our recent experiences, to talk of democracy holding the reins of power. In 1917-18 our watchword was that no peace could be made with Germany until she established herself as a democracy. What sort of democracy, then? The democracy that was responsible for the Briand-Doumergue agreement about the Rhine provinces or the secret treaties about the Adriatic and Syria? The democracy that has produced the British Convention with Persia (about which the British people know nothing and care nothing) or that has swallowed the guarantee to France, the peace treaty and the Covenant at a single, smooth and unimpeded gulp?

Perhaps now Americans will understand why their vivisection (without anaesthetics) of the peace treaty—and ought we to add the President?—surprises and delights us. Has there been any instance before in history of a numerous and powerful people debating in cold blood—is it all cold blood, by the way?—whether it shall or shall not embark on a new and adventurous chapter of their national life? The nearest parallel, perhaps, at all events in our time, was Russia in 1917, when, weary of the refusal of the Allies to revise the imperialist treaties, once and for all, she broke the shackles of the old world. But Russia's action was a rude and violent gesture, the fruit of a passionate and overwhelming impulse, beside which America's examination of the ground is cold and constitutional. So much the better for America and us. This national catechism is in some sort a substitute for our own deficiencies. Shantung, the Saar Valley, Poland, article X and the rest—we would have liked to have them all out in the broad light of day, to have Mr. George and Mr. Balfour cross-examined and General Smuts to check their answers by. But as we are a people who have

"secret covenants" served out to us and like the fare, liberals will gladly take their "open diplomacy," if they can get it, from the United States. After all, it is no new thing. Liberals the world over have been looking to that quarter ever since Mr. Wilson began to make his speeches. Perhaps they deserve some recompense for recent disappointments.

But the future is more than the present or the past and this lively demonstration of democracy in action stirs us as liberals precisely because, in imagination, we can see the same process being applied by the United States to the world's affairs under the future League of Nations. What, from the standpoint of humanity, is the vice of the present Covenant? That the League is not a league of peoples, pacific and disinterested, but a league of the victorious Allies, a conference of bureaucrats, a council not of nations but of governments. But suppose that on these oligarchs there suddenly impinged a massive body out of the west, bursting with energy and will, criticizing, examining, insisting; suppose that it were backed up, as before long it would be, by a British Labor Government, no less pacific than itself even if somewhat embarrassed by its imperial chains, and by the purified and liberal Russia which will some day emerge from the present chaos—is there not hope there for the League of Nations? But all this, the critics in America, will say, is the vague optimism of the rank idealist. On the contrary, the American part of it is as practical as the Senate Committee's essays in vivisection. Consider the latest illustration in Europe; note how the vacillation and the timidities of the Supreme Council in Paris with regard to Hungary and the Archduke Joseph have shrunk away before Mr. Hoover's sudden assertion of principle and his demand for decisive action. It is comical here in Europe to read the telegram dilating on Mr. Hoover's sudden dominance, which he exercises simply because he is a man of principle and both knows his mind and speaks it.

But when did united principle and courage fail of their just effect?

It is intelligible enough that Americans should fight shy of the burden which the peace treaty and the Covenant, in their present shape, impose upon them. But they must not expect us, as we follow the controversy in the United States, to hope that they will refuse it. (The French treaty is another matter.) On the contrary, it is to us a proof that with the liberalism and the abounding vitality of the American people inspiring it the League of Nations can yet in time be made what liberals once hoped of it. But not otherwise.

W. P. CROZIER.

Underfed Children

ONE child in every five in the United States is suffering seriously from the effects of hunger. That is the estimate of Dr. Thomas D. Wood, chairman of the Committee on Health Problems in Education, National Council of Education. Dr. Wood states that twenty per cent at least of all American school children, or 4,500,000, are suffering from malnutrition. Dr. William R. P. Emerson, a Boston authority, reckons the number even higher. Dr. Emerson says that the malnourished children are at least a third of all the children in the country.

This appalling state of affairs exists in America, the reputed land of plenty. The estimates were made not by agitators. They come from conservative scientists who reported to the federal Children's Bureau facts which had come under their observation. The causes assigned are poverty and ignorance. Opinion differs as to which factor is the more important. The situation itself, however, remains. One consequence is that the public schools cannot reach reasonable standards of achievement. Another is that from 20 to 40 per cent of those graduating from the elementary schools are physically unfit. The final result is that a large section of the population has, as proved by the examinations, defects which at the time of emergency disqualify them from military service and which too often handicap them in the performance of the ordinary duties of life.

What dire effects flow from malnutrition are clearly understood now that reports have begun to come from those sections of the world where food was scarce during the war. Working capacity and resistance to disease, especially to tuberculosis, are both reduced. Dr. Graham Lusk of Cornell University reported to the American government on the way in which too little food undermines the welfare of a nation. What happened in Germany during the war makes clear the process.

The failure of the potato crop in 1916 led to the substitution of turnips for potatoes in the German diet both in the cities and in the industrial regions. From the effects of this diet, Dr. Lusk states, the population never recovered. The people were taught to congratulate themselves on their loss in weight. A secret inquiry, however, informed the Imperial Ministry of Health how widespread was the evil effect of the war diet upon the people. The dominant thought was to obtain a sufficient quantity of food. Initiative was gone. Unproductive depression was the general state of mind. "Children," it has been said, "forgot how to laugh, to cry, or to play."

According to Dr. Lusk, information reached

London early in 1918 that the insurance companies had secretly warned the German government of the failing health of the people. The loss due to malnutrition was estimated to be more disastrous than that credited to military operations. Dr. M. Rubner whose report in a Berlin medical journal is the source of much information said that certain high-placed individuals forbade a continuance of the inquiry into the health of the people. That alone indicates, among other things, how long the German Empire hovered on the brink of collapse.

In Germany the tuberculosis rate doubled during the war. It is now at the height it attained a quarter of a century ago. Hunger produced sterility in women. It cut down the flow of mother's milk. A diet made up of bread and potatoes led to scurvy, tuberculosis, rickets and anemia in children. Nervous diseases were aggravated and constitutional anomalies were intensified. The absence of butter fat resulted in stunted growth and in a curious affection of the eyes. This disease and the stunted growth can be artificially produced in young rats by depriving them of the vitamins contained in butter fat.

The war so far as food is concerned made a laboratory of civilization. Experiments were carried on which would have been impossible at other times. Men and women and children were the subjects whereon were registered the penalties which nature exacted from an interference with the laws of life. War varied the circumstances under which mankind lives as a scientist changes the conditions under which white rats and guinea pigs pursue their careers. Life in the novel and hard environment of war became a new thing. It is possible now accordingly to draw from the great experiment conclusions which have meaning for the present days of peace.

The hunger stricken countries of Central Europe should teach the lesson which civilization has too long needed to understand and to practice. For what happened in Belgium, in Germany, in Austria, in Poland, in Hungary, in Bohemia, during the years when nearly all lacked food indicates what is customary in this country on a smaller and a less tragic scale. On the one side the doctors report that from one-fifth to one-third of all American school children are malnourished. On the other side economists and government statisticians report that neither now nor at any time in the past so far as is known have all the people had enough to pay for the minimum essentials of decent living. Among those who get the lowest wages everything is sacrificed to food. How vain this attempt is the estimates of the millions of undernourished children indicate sufficiently clearly.

Yet science is now learning that growing boys

require more food for proper development than does a man doing heavy labor. Boys of twelve and thirteen years burn up more food than do men. Their metabolism, so-called, is 25 per cent higher. The fires of life, according to studies made at the Bellevue Hospital, require more fuel when the boy is twelve than when he is fourteen. The average man doing heavy labor is supposed to need 3,500 calories of food a day. Dr. Lusk reported to the Children's Bureau investigations that showed that American boys at St. Paul's School partook of as much as 5,000 calories daily. English school boys, even in the days of stringency during the winter of 1918, ate meals which scientists computed to contain 3,500 calories. At that time the Inter-Allied Scientific Commission had found that only 3,300 calories per "man" per day were available in Great Britain. At Eton and at Harrow where patriotism caused boys to restrict voluntarily their rations, many lost weight and suffered in health.

What happened to the children of the warring countries when they were put upon too short rations shows glaringly what is less conspicuously happening whenever children are underfed. The diseases and the weaknesses which became so widespread in Europe indicate the dangers to this country when so large a proportion of the children are malnourished. It is, however, fortunately very easy to discover which children are suffering from a lack of food. Dr. William R. P. Emerson advocates for this purpose the establishment of nutrition clinics in the public schools. The simple procedure of weighing and measuring each child will, he says, identify those who are undernourished. A child habitually seven per cent underweight for his height belongs according to Dr. Emerson in this group.

Methods have been worked out in Boston, in New York and in other places through which children found to be below normal because of malnutrition can be brought up to the average. This is achieved by means of nutrition classes. In the classes something can be done at least to dispel the ignorance which is at the bottom of much of the malnutrition. Parents and children are both taught. But after the laws of right diet are learned the problem of poverty remains. That cannot be turned over to the schools nor to the doctors. The nation itself must heal that great evil. The plight of underfed children on whom in time must rest in part the responsibility for the future well being of this republic is surely inspiration enough to justify the supreme enterprise of abolishing poverty. Until that is done we cannot be said to have been faithful to the American tradition of an equal opportunity for all.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY.

The Spaces of Uncertainty

Or, An Ache in the Void

[Inscribed to the Little Review]

THE floor, unfortunately, was phosphorus, so he had to pick his steps with care. But at last he came to a French window, which he opened, and sprang to a passing star. Star, not car. He was a poet, and that is what young poets do.

He had a pleasant physiognomy, as young men go. Unformed, of course—perhaps twenty minutes late and the hall only two-thirds full. But he was no longer young enough to hang his hat on the gas. He was from the East via Honey Dew, Idaho, but he had long resided with an aunt in Nebraska and so was a strong Acutist. He wore gray shirts and a lemon tie. At Harvard—he went to Harvard—he had opened his bean with considerable difficulty and crushed in a ripe strawberry of temperament. So that he could never stop himself when he beheld a passing star.

The motion was full, with significant curves. It made him a little air-sick at first, but he preferred air-sickness. He made no compromise with the public taste for pedestrianism. After a few days that quickly ceased to be solar he was rewarded. He came to Asphodelia, a suburb of Venus on the main line.

In Asphodelia the poets travel on all-fours, kick their heels toward Mercury, and utter startling cries. In Asphodelia a banker lives in the menagerie, and they feed mathematical instructors through a hole in the wall. This new participant had too much of the stern blood of the Puritan in his rust-proof veins to kick more than one heel at a time, but when he observed a gambolling Asphodelian of seventy years he felt a little wishful, and permitted himself a trifling ululation. The local cheer-leader heard him and knew him at once for a Harvard Acutist, and there was joy in Asphodelia.

A year or so sufficed him. He grew tired of sleeping in the branches of the cocoanut tree, and the river of green ink wearied him. So when the next star swung around he slipped away from his pink duenna and crept into the lattice-work to steal his passage home.

Thought slid from him like an oscillant leaf. He hung there lonely, in his Reis underwear, aching in the void.

He alighted in the harbor of Rio. When he trans-shipped to New York in ordinary ways, he prepared his Yonkers uncle, and he was met in undue course on Front Street.

"My boy," said his uncle, "what do you want me to do for you? Speak the word. You have

been gone so long, and you were given up for lost."

"Only one thing do I want," confessed the former Acutist.

"And what might that be?" the uncle more circumspectly inquired.

"Take me at once to the great simple embrace of wholesome Coney Island."

So, clad in an Arrow collar and a Brokaw suit, the young poet stepped from Acutism on to the Iron Boat.

And what is the moral of this tale, mes enfants? . . . But must we not leave something to waft in the spaces of uncertainty?

PICCOLO.

The Heir of Eastern Feudalism

THE driving force in all the revolutions of eastern Europe has been the socialism of the town worker. The future of all these revolutions is still an enigma, but of one negative result we may safely say that it is permanent. The feudal age has disappeared. In 1914, when the war broke upon us, the dominating caste in the social and political life of all the agrarian countries from the Elbe to the Urals was a landowning nobility which held the mass of the rural workers in abject subjection, gave its own tone to the schools and the church, and kept its hand in a tight grasp upon all the machinery of local government, the army, the court and the bureaucracy. This semi-feudal system was much more than an economic fact resting on the big estate; it was a type of civilization, which had its own mentality, one may almost say its own religion. Today, in one degree or another, feudalism is in total dissolution. The big scene is strangely varied. In Soviet Russia and Hungary the rural magnate has not merely been dispossessed and expropriated without compensation: he is a fugitive. In Poland and Czecho-Slovakia legislation has been passed which reduces all estates by compulsory sale to a very modest maximum. The combined voting power of peasants and socialists seems to be in both these countries a sufficient guarantee that the law will be carried out. The magnates may remain in these countries and transfer their capital to other enterprises, but on the land their economic power is gone; they are henceforward simply farmers with a moderate holding among a multitude of equally independent cultivators.

In Prussia, the inevitable solution is but slightly delayed. The government has intimated that

it allows two years to the "Junkers" for the voluntary breaking up by private sales of the big latifundia: at the end of this period of grace, it will complete the work by a law of compulsory expropriation. This seems, what in fact it is, a weak and dilatory expedient, adopted by a ministry which lacks the resolution to cope amid defeat, the threat of bankruptcy and the danger of social revolt, with a multiplicity of urgent tasks of reconstruction. None the less, the doom of the Junker caste is legible in German politics. They have just been beaten in Pomerania in the first agrarian strike in the history of this land. The rigid system of class discipline has been broken. Further, the parties which the Junkers lead, are now in a minority so feeble, both in the Prussian Diet and in the German Assembly, that they have lost their constitutional power of defence. The political future of the Baltic provinces is still obscure, but the one thing certain is that the (mainly German) Baltic nobility is broken, and the peasant movement irresistible.

The Ukraine is at this moment of writing a cauldron of complex wars and civil wars, jacqueries and pogroms, but whether Poles or Bolsheviks, Nationalists or White Guards ultimately retain this or the other area within it, its vast estates are already broken up and can never be restored. Rumania will be the last of these eastern lands to complete this agrarian transformation, but even here the revolutionary undercurrent has been strong enough to extort from the most oppressive of all these feudal castes, a scheme of partition, which sooner or later will be made effective. The reader may object that the triumph of Kolchak and Denikin in Russia, which may still be a possibility after another year of devastating and murderous civil war, would rob the peasants of the land they have seized. One may take the most cynical view of the Supreme Ruler and his promises. If he calls a Constituent Assembly, it will only be after he has decimated the socialist parties by massacres and executions, and lamed them by the suppression of civil and electoral rights. In any government which the "Whites" set up, the interests of the old bureaucracy, the officer class, capital, the church and the nobility will certainly be supreme. They may try by a land tax to arrange for compensation to the expropriated owners, but they will not dare to break their promise to leave the peasants in possession of the land. It is easier to believe in the rehabilitation of monarchy in Russia than in the restoration of feudalism. In this new social world of eastern Europe, there may be rich farmers, poor peasant owners, and also landless rural laborers, but there will be no longer a dominant noble caste,

whose power rests on its monopoly of the soil.

The destruction of feudalism is a negative result of revolution, but it is not the result at which the socialist pioneers were aiming. Socialist theory is bound to insist on the ownership of the land by the state. Even if it were to agree as a transitional measure, that while the state retained the title to the land, the individual peasant should continue to cultivate it, on something like a life tenure, it would do so at grave peril to itself. These smallholders, each of them disposing of his own produce, each of them studying the market and its fluctuations of prices, would necessarily retain or acquire the commercial habit of mind. They would work for profit. The more successful of them would soon begin to employ laborers at wages, with the result that rural society would soon be divided once more into employers and employed. Even if the state retained the ownership of the unimproved land, the peasant must be allowed a title to his own improvements. An enterprising man will try to extend his holding, if not by purchase then by lease, and if the law restricts him in these ambitions, an opposition, essentially capitalistic in character, will at once grow up. Neither in its economic structure, nor in its mentality, would such a society favor socialism. This peasant class is in Poland and Hungary (to take the two instances which I have lately watched) deeply attached to the church, and sees in Catholic priest or Calvinist pastor its natural leaders. It is intensely conservative, jealous of any expenditure for social purposes, on education for example, and easily roused into violent antagonism against the advanced parties of the towns, especially when these are under Jewish leadership. It is fiercely nationalist in its outlook, and its patriotism is easily exploited and abused. It may for a moment, as in Poland, make a fighting alliance with socialism in order to defeat the party of the great landlords, but the mental gulf remains unabridgeable, and so soon as the partition of the big estates is achieved, the alliance will cease and a bitter antagonism may succeed it. The ethics and the social consciousness of socialism can thrive only where there is cooperative work. It may live in a factory or in a rural commune, but it cannot survive in a countryside where each cultivator works his holding for profit in isolation. A close system of cooperation in the marketing of produce, the purchase of seeds and fertilizers and the common use of machinery may do something to modify the fundamental individualism and conservatism of the peasantry, but even so it will remain a propertied class.

It may be that socialism in eastern Europe by lending itself as the battering-ram to break the solid wall of feudalism, has buried itself under the

ruins. It knew the risk very well, and always professed to dread the spirit of a society of small farmers even more than it dreaded the large scale capitalism of modern industry. Yet, with their eyes open, socialist parties in Bohemia and Poland have made common cause with the peasants. In Soviet Russia, the law, drafted by the Social Revolutionary party and passed in its few hours of life by the Constituent Assembly, was taken over by the Bolsheviki. It nationalized the land without compensation to the owner; but in effect its refinements are a dead letter; the peasant who cultivates a plot of land with his own hands regards himself as its owner, and usage consecrates his claim. That was never what the Bolsheviki intended. Their ideal is the big communal estate, on which the whole body of workers, from the expert "agronome" at their head down to the simplest milkmaid and swineherd, form a self-governing cooperative guild. In this little social world there is neither employer nor employed: class has disappeared, and the spirit of cooperative social work keeps the ethics of socialism alive. There are a few instances in which, on advanced well managed estates, these rural guilds have been set up in Russia.

It is Lenin's policy to promote the voluntary formation of these guilds by conceding definite privileges to peasant societies which group themselves in this way. The blockade, however, has worked formidably against this policy. The first essential for the conduct of agriculture on this quasi-industrial scale is machinery. With steamtractors and fertilizers, with the best dairy apparatus and improved breeding stock, a guild well conducted on communist principles might soon become the envy of the countryside. All the propaganda of the Soviet stands behind it, and if it were favored by the central administration, it might in the end, by its mere example, overcome the innate individualism and the possessive instinct of the peasant. In Central Russia at least, the peasant is by no means a pure individualist in his traditions: he clung to his primitive Mir (commune) until Stolypin sapped it. But for the present this tendency halts, nor can it make much headway until the lifting of the blockade permits the exchange of steamtractors and reapers for timber and flax.

It was only in Hungary that socialism had contrived to set its agricultural policy in motion on a big experimental scale. Here the great estates often covered half the surface of the land. The capitalistic development of agriculture had gone so far that many of these estates had been leased by their absentee landlords to limited companies. Here Bela Kun and his colleagues had their chance, and they took it boldly. Landlords and companies van-

ished at a stroke, and the whole working staff of the big estates, from the expert bailiff (usually a graduate of an agricultural college) downwards, were formed into cooperative guilds. The existing small farmers and peasant owners were not disturbed, but the socialist government did successfully resist the early tendency, dominant when Count Michael Karolyi made the first Republican revolution last October, to divide the big estates among the peasants. I saw these socialized estates at work in one county in April. They were in good order: all the usual work was done punctually, under expert supervision, and, though my ignorance of the Magyar language forbids me to make a positive statement, the laborers were said to be contented with the prospect of a larger share in the produce that they raised, satisfied with their new rights as voters for the managing committee of the guild, and attracted by the many benefits in the shape of free medical attendance, free schools and good cottages which the government had either actually organized or had begun to arrange. What has happened in the country between April and August, I do not know: it is the way of our newspapers to tell us everything save this essential fact. I think it probable that, amid the preoccupation of the continued attacks by Czechs and Rumanians ordered from Paris, the Budapest Government has done much less than it hoped to do in the way of completing the orderly formation of these socialized guilds throughout the country. Amid war and blockade, the benefits of socialization may not have been apparent to the laborers, and if the fulfillment of bright promises was delayed, then it is possible that the landless laborers have swerved in their first allegiance to the Soviet system, and rallied behind the small peasant owners, and the priests and pastors who lead them. Bela Kun's government relied too much on Jewish talent, and the peasant is an incorrigible anti-Semite. In April there was a sharp cleavage of interest and opinion between the landless laborers, who were promised a happy future free from care within the guilds, and the independent farmers and small peasant owners outside them. This cleavage, however, may not be permanent, and the traditional land hunger of the countryman may in the end prove too strong for communism. The news of Bela Kun's fall, which reaches London as I write, may not mean a complete return to feudalism, but it is certain that the socialized guilds will not be allowed to survive.

The question whether the revolution in eastern Europe, by destroying feudalism and emancipating the peasant, has also (even in Russia) closed the future to socialism, admits as yet of no certain answer. Everything turns, I think, on the boldness

and adroitness of the socialist leaders. Their cause is not necessarily lost, even though they may have to tolerate a system of individual cultivation. The economic key to the future is probably in the credit banks, the beet sugar factories, the flour mills, the dairies, and the export agencies, rather than in the land itself. If these are socialized, then the peasant who delivers his produce to them at a fixed price may not acquire the mentality of a small capitalist working for profit. To a less extent the development of cooperative societies may also modify the typical peasant psychology. The scheme now under official consideration in Germany for a state monopoly in grain would also work in the same way, though it would leave many fields still open to the profit-making instinct of the peasant. A powerful statesman like Lenin, who guides himself through daily compromises by the light of a firmly-grasped theory, could possibly (though it would be a precarious venture) save the essentials of socialism, even though individual cultivation were the rule. Under a Denikin or a Kolchak, the same system of land tenure, if they were skillful, might conceivably result in a solidly individualistic republic with something of the mentality of France.

In the long run, however, in a densely-peopled area like Poland, the effect of the very drastic law of partition which the Diet carried in July, may be less permanently conservative than some suppose. There is not nearly enough land to go round. The first partition of the big estates will leave a disappointed landless proletariat, and as this race multiplies with fabulous speed, the pressure is bound to increase. The first effects of partition in a country where the rural population is much too illiterate to adopt intensive methods of cultivation at once, will be to diminish production and raise prices—again a source of discontent. The church is too strong to allow the limitation of families. If the surplus population flows to industry, it comes under socialist influences; if imperialism plants it out beyond its natural racial borders, a new source of unrest comes from the subject population. The equation will tend to balance itself as more elaborate methods of cultivation are adopted, but that in the end means the use of hired labor. Thus once more, though very slowly, the class cleavage emerges again. The peasant evolves into a small employer, and a rural proletariat multiplies beneath him. For a generation the conservative, clerically-minded peasant owner of Poland may have a majority in the elections: sooner or later he will be outnumbered. The former landlords will apply the land stock which they receive as compensation for their expropriated estates to start industries, and thus feudalism will make its transition into capitalism.

Elsewhere, in German Austria and perhaps in Bavaria, a kind of equipoise between the socialist towns and the Catholic-Conservative country may be attained. Vienna (like Munich) is solidly socialist; but wiser than Munich, it knew that the provinces could starve it, would ignore its decrees and defy its police, and might in the end split off into little independent states. Budapest, as the grip of the red hand over the provinces relaxes, will find itself in the same case. Town and country may reach a compromise, as, on the whole, they have done in Austria where agriculture is mainly in the hands of small farmers and peasant owners; and each will go its own way, with a socialistic direction in industry and the cities, and an individualist Catholic direction in the country. Neither can dictate to the other, and a solution must be sought in decentralization.

There lies one of the many advantages of the plan, which the newer school of German and Austrian socialists favors, to confer a large measure of autonomy upon each industry. If the aggressive socialism of the towns will refrain from meddling with the sleepy village, there is no particular reason why the village should obstruct, when the town wants to introduce some measure, partial or complete, of socialization or of control by the workers, in a steel foundry or a textile factory. That is the genial, easy-going, eminently Austrian assumption on which the Viennese socialists are working, and it may justify itself in the end.

One may certainly say that feudalism in eastern Europe is dead, and on the whole it seems probable that its successor will be an individual peasantry, with a conservative and clerical type of civilization, which will delay anything like the advent of revolutionary socialism, for one or two generations. The exciting question of the early future is how far Lenin can control this tendency in Russia, by making immense concessions to it. The more one reflects upon the all-importance of agriculture east of the Elbe, the more is one inclined to discount the factor of force in the solution of these gigantic social problems. The Bolsheviks may have started as "Maximalists": they will end as opportunists, and the more patient evolutionary school may in the end move to its goal as swiftly as they. The opponents of socialism among ourselves and its advocates are alike disposed to dread or to hope too much, for both under-estimate the conservatism of the soil. There would be less demand for the forcible overthrow of Bolshevism if its opponents realized that so far from socializing the only "means of production" which matters much in Russia, it has in effect divided it among millions of peasant owners.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

On a German Railway Train

EARLY in July, just after the ratification of the peace treaty at Weimar, I was permitted to accompany Miss Addams of Hull House on a trip into Germany to look into the condition of the children after the long food blockade. Now, returned to America, I find myself confronted with questions about Germany that leave me bewildered and at a loss how to answer. What people wish me to tell is how "Germany" is taking her defeat, whether "Germany" realizes she is beaten and that war does not pay. But I did not meet "Germany," I met German men and women and their views and feelings were even more varied and mutually opposed than are, so it seems to me, the views held by "America" about the treaty and about the future of Germany. Some few of those different German opinions I have tried to describe by repeating a conversation to which I listened during one of our railway trips.

The second class compartment of the Halle train into which my companion, a Dutchwoman, and I climbed was already occupied by six Germans who made room for us.

My friend is a very downright person with a refreshing lack of that desire to please which inhibits so many of us in our intercourse with people. She is immensely interested in getting at other people's point of view and in expressing her own and if in order to do this she must both give and receive hard knocks, why that is all in the day's work. She was soon deep in discussion with the five men and one woman, who made up the group. It was evident at once that at least four of the men had been in the war, but the fifth, who was older and looked like a business man, said nothing to indicate that he had ever been at the front. It was also evident that the young woman was the bride of the tall, nervous, blonde man who sat next her, for on this subject they displayed a German frankness. Indeed what first gave to conversation an interesting turn was a remark of hers to my Dutch friend. "I am just married and I hope that I shall have six sons so that they may grow up and become soldiers to fight for Germany's freedom." My friend answered characteristically that she was a very silly woman but if she talked like that after the babies came, she would be a wicked one. "Germany has done enough harm with its militarism," she said, "now you had better be sensible and get to work." This roused the whole company.

"German militarism," shouted the blonde bridegroom. "Why not French militarism, or British navalism? Are we the only militarists?"

"No, but you are the worst," answered the Dutchwoman. "Look at the way you taught

militarism in your schools. Why once when I was in a village in the Schwarzwald I went into the schoolhouse and there the little boys and girls, almost babies some of them, were dropping their pennies into a box for your Flottenverein, to pay for a dreadnought. It was a shame."

"We were driven to it," said the kindly faced, plump man opposite me. "Germany, surrounded as she was by enemies waiting to spring at her throat and watched by the jealous eyes of England in all her commerce abroad, had no choice but to arm and prepare even her children for war."

"Now that is where you Germans were so stupid," said my downright friend. "Nobody was envying you and waiting to pounce on you. It was all in your own heads."

"Was it," shouted the blonde man—he never spoke without shouting—"Look at the peace treaty and see if it does not justify all our suspicions. Haven't they torn away our colonies, ruined our commerce, made us powerless as trade rivals, just as we said they went into this war to do?"

"Well, look at the other side," said the Dutchwoman, "Look at devastated France. Germany hasn't hundreds of villages in ruins, farms turned into battlefields. How would you feel if you had suffered as France has?"

"But that was war," said the blonde man. "Battlefields always are devastated."

"No," said the young Jew with melancholy eyes, "it was not only war. I was there and I know that much that was done was not necessary and cannot be justified." The blonde man glared at him but before he could speak the kindly faced man interposed. "Yes," he said, "All of us who were there know that. A great deal of what happened in France cannot be defended on the ground of military necessity."

"However," spoke up the elderly man by the window, "that is not the point. Germany agreed at the time of the armistice to restore France and Belgium. If that were all we would not object to the peace treaty. But any business man who reads the financial paragraphs can see that they were never framed with the needs of France and Belgium in mind. Those are British paragraphs and written in Britain's interest with the sole object of crushing Germany as a commercial rival. If they really cared about restoring the devastated regions they would have made it possible for Germany to work and earn and pay, but a working and earning Germany is the last thing England wants."

"There," cried the blonde man triumphantly, "isn't that what we said all along. Those damned pacifists and 'peace by understanding' theorists who kept assuring us that we could trust Wilson and

the English, where are they now? The treaty shows what fools they were."

"It is incredible," spoke up with concentrated bitterness the man beside me who had been silent till then, "incredible that any German should trust a promise of England's or be taken in by Anglo-Saxon cant. Listen to them on our colonies. We are too cruel to the Negroes, out of pity for the Negroes they must take the colonies away from us. And who is to get them? Why of course Belgium must have her share. Belgium of the Congo atrocities! But the world swallows it. England can always get the world to swallow her hypocrisies."

"Oh well, I hold no brief for the English. We Hollanders understand them. During the war I used to look at our little boys and think, 'Now if the Germans invade us you will have to grow up into German soldiers and if the English invade us you will have to grow up into English hypocrites, and I don't know which I should dislike most.' " There was a general laugh at this and then the pleasant-faced man said, with a glance at me: "What about America? Did she too come into the war out of jealousy of Germany, do you think?"

"No," said the Dutchwoman. "You Germans brought her in with your barbarous submarines."

"Barbarous!" exclaimed the bride, "And what about the starvation blockade? Is it as bad to kill quickly a few hundreds of women and children as to slowly torture and kill thousands, ten of thousands of them? That is only another piece of Anglo-Saxon self-righteousness and vilification of the enemy."

"In the first place," said the Dutchwoman, "the Americans did not know your women and children were starving and your government took good care not to let people know of it."

"If they had known would it have made any difference?" asked the Jew.

The Dutchwoman hesitated, obviously unable to give the answer she wanted to. "At least," she said, "you see your policy did fail, so why talk of trying it again. War settles nothing, cures nothing; war is organized insanity." At this the man beside me roused himself again. "There will be war," he said slowly, "and it will be war to the end. No pacifists will coax us again to surrender to the lying promises of a treacherous enemy. It will be war if it means wiping out the German nation. Better that than the shame of this peace."

The young bride lifted a glowing face. "Is it not splendid," she cried, "to hear our young men speak like this and would it not be terrible if they did not? Are we to sit still and endure while millions of our brothers are put under a foreign yoke? I am not speaking of Elsass or the Saar, though

they are bad enough, but of Poland. Have you any idea what it means to put Germans under Polish rule?"

"Yes," said the Dutchwoman. "I have seen Polish villages and German villages and I know that it is like going from dirt to cleanliness and from disorder to thrift and industry. It is cruel and it is stupid, but why think war is the way to right it. This peace is bad because it is the end of a bad war. Why try to mend it with another war?"

"If not war, what?" asked the sad-eyed Jew.

"Use your brains, use intellectual, moral weapons," said my friend. "This treaty is unjust. Very well, you Germans are not the only people who can see injustice. Sooner or later the others must come to see it. Go to work and fulfil the treaty as it stands and trust to the world's coming to see things in their real light after the peoples of the Entente have had time to get over the insanity of the war."

"Good sense," said the elderly man, but the blonde bridegroom turned on him fiercely: "That is a philosophy for old men," he cried, "not for us who are strong and have still some spirit left."

The train rolled into the Halle station and the men sprang up to hand down our bags, open the door and call a porter for us. There was a chorus of "good night" and "pleasant journey." At the door my Dutch friend paused for a final shot: "You men have made a pretty muddle of things for the last five years. Now take a woman's advice and try some new methods."

I have given this conversation as I heard it. If I had made it into a symposium of all the views I listened to in Germany I should have had to add several persons to the travellers in that second class coach.

There would have been two or three men who would have said that in spite of Germany's present plight they rejoiced over her defeat for had she been victorious the German people would have been delivered over into the hands of their militarist aristocracy for years to come. To these men Germany beaten, humiliated, poverty-stricken is in a better case than would be Germany triumphant and powerful. Without realizing it, they were accepting the Christian philosophy of defeat and failure. As I listened to them I could not help wondering if my own country were not facing dangers perhaps even greater than those Germany faces, just because we have emerged from the war so much the richest and most powerful. While the Germans pray "In all times of our adversity," we need to pray with greater fervor "In all times of our prosperity, good Lord deliver us."

ALICE HAMILTON.

After the Play

ALTHOUGH *She Would and She Did* is a fly-weight play it isn't by any means insignificant. For one thing it falls to the lot of Miss Grace George, who gives it an excellent run for its money. Miss George is not exactly a Duse. She is at times as toneless, neuter and wooden as any actress can be and still capably pull through. But for all she lacks in temperament and evocation she has in her a surprising aptitude for strenuous comedy and astonishing verve for external situation. To the simple external situation that is proffered by *She Would and She Did*, Miss George brings happy comprehension, dash, sympathy and will. That is to say, she takes the notes as written by Mr. Mark Reed and she sings them in a most convincing American style. In itself the warble is not one bit richer than the tiny music of Good Gracious Annabelle. In order to carry across the footlights it needs an acoustic miracle-worker. But such as it is, and for what it is, it suits Miss George. She brings it off, for everything there is to bring.

The curiosity is really in the substance that Miss George so skilfully manages, for it is a substance that American life affords plentifully. It is a comedy, truly enough, so far as it provokes a pleasant hilarity; but the real comedy, the comedy of the capers it represents in their relation to mature human nature, is as uncaptured as the music on the moon. Mr. Reed, who wrote the play, is clearly to be congratulated for keeping it outside the borders of maturity—that is where the Oak Meadow Golf Club belongs. It is not Mr. Reed's fault that his invention is so excessively like "a progressive American city." Had he made it more developed he'd have lost the air of life. At the same time, in exhaling so naturally that mingled air of country sport, gasoline, highball and tea-party, Mr. Reed not only gives us an excellently imagined situation but also a proper theme for the pained observer.

For here is the anecdote: the greens committee of the Oak Meadow consists of two rising lawyers, a young architect, an elderly "major" of the governor's staff, a wealthy young near-politician, a pompous doctor and his nephew. This committee has to sit on the case of a Miss Nesmith (Miss George) who lost her temper and cut up the turf on the eighth green, and they decide to suspend her for sixty days. She is the spirited young American woman who has decidedly a way with her, incidentally engaged to the lawyer on the committee whose neutrality was punctiliously preserved. Her suspension means that she not only loses her two months' golf but is cut out of the tournament, the dance and the dog-show. What is she to do? She makes up her mind to have the greens committee recall their fearful decision. Hence, "she would." And "she did." Her victory takes her far afield. It extends from the Sarajevo of the putting-green to a Gallipoli of scandal that involves the doctor's nephew and a spring drive that bowls over the good major with highballs. But Miss Nesmith wins, crowned with adoration by her conquered neutral fiancé and generally acclaimed by the Oak Meadow multitude. This is the anecdote, minus a variety of details and Miss George's creation of that direct-actionist who abides in so many clean-cut, twinkling-eyed, manoeuvring, wilful American women.

But the essence of *She Would and She Did*, in so far as it represents well-off America, is the importance that is really given to the suspension for sixty days. It is an issue, evidently, that fascinates and absorbs the entire outfit, and one for which Miss Nesmith is not seriously called to ac-

count. Why should she be called to account? She is, as Mr. Galsworthy would spell it, a d—d attractive American woman. She has a point to carry, and carry it she will. In that direction she sweeps with all sail set. Her fiancé stands in the way? She out-manoeuvres him by the not-too-serious device of breaking her engagement. The doctor she simply tackles by depriving his hospital of the money for his convalescent porch. His wife cannot be elected head of the women's club until the doctor knuckles under, and he is told, in a flash of real temper, that his nephew is an *homme du demi-monde*. The major is won more simply, by floating him into acquiescence on the ebbing tide of alcohol. The few who stand out are not sufficient to defeat Miss Nesmith. She comes out of it gloriously, Frances-with-the-High-Hand.

The obvious aim of Mr. Reed is, of course, to supply innocent diversion, but the means which he employs for his theatre audience is the thing worth considering. His is a plot which needs for its right appreciation a sound suburban point of view. It is characteristic of those great complacent areas from which Miss George's audiences are to be recruited that in this play which is so evidently prepared for them the comedy is all supplied by sex and the seriousness is all supplied by golf. It is not sex in any dark sense of that pandemonic word. It is sex in the sense of jokes on the little hubby, jokes on the little wifey, jokes on the engaged couple, jokes on the henpecked and the hen. It is not of course offensive except to the unnaturalized playgoer, the man who takes the sexes almost as seriously as a putting green. And to him it is not really offensive, it is merely significant. It suggests the actual atmosphere of a thousand Oak Meadow clubs.

In the very thinness of *She Would and She Did*, however, there is a hope for the theatre. The audience out of the sheer attenuation of its interest may go on to ask for some inward light as to these Franceses-with-the-High-Hand. These admirable Victories of the progressive American city, is it sufficient for them to win all the way back to the tournament, the dance and the dog-show? Having built on the hospital fund and the woman's club to such heroic purpose, is it adequate purpose? Is the treaty of peace worth the war?

It is humorless to ask? It may be. But during the longueurs of any such comedy, especially with such a supporting company as Miss George's, one is induced to wander in one's mind. Miss George did capture so well the gesture of the American Victory, the purpose of such a gallant lady could hardly get away without question. Will the affairs of the golf club always have so great a claim on her powerful feminine will? As a playwright Mr. Reed was not obliged to raise the question. His business, as he conceived it, was to raise laughter. But so powerful a will consecrated to the conquest of a greens committee—one can scarcely ignore this aspect of the latest *Woman Who Did*.

F. H.

Daibutsu

In the pond reflected trees
Dimly meet and interlace;
It is a forgotten place
Shadowed by realities;
And as genius to the spot,
Touched by neither joy nor grief,
Sits a frog in contemplation—
Buddha on his lotus-leaf!

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

Mr. Dooley

Mr. Dooley on Making a Will. New York: C. Scribner's Sons.

REGARDLESS of his long silences, Mr. Dooley is still court jester to the American people. He is Irish, which in itself makes him a sort of licensed character—a witty poor relation. He is national, passing like currency from one Sunday newspaper to another. He is democratic in the rough sense, taking a broad view of broad topics and earning a broad laugh. And he is unremittingly funny, no matter what he has in hand. On the movie screen Charlie Chaplin is an equal deity, not less broad and national and unremitting; and in vaudeville there are twenty humorists who try for the same effect by word of mouth. But in cold print even Ring Lardner and his kind have not displaced Mr. Dooley. He holds his own, the prime humorist and the great humorist of the press.

The requirements of professional humor are not an unmitigated blessing for Mr. Dunne. In being funny, in the first place, he is called on to satisfy a public greediness which is as relentless as a child's greediness for repetition, and which would compel any man to force his note. In being national, in the second place, Mr. Dooley must deal with nothing which is less well-established and dog-eared than Cap Chance and Laura Jean Libbey and suspenders and th' Chat-talky salute. In being Irish, again, it is best to be stereotyped Irish or stage-Irish and not to forfeit amused indulgence. And in being democratic it is advisable not only to stay within the limits of popular associations but also to respect the boundaries of popular sentiment and will. On these terms, granted he has any heart left, Mr. Dooley is permitted to let loose and disport himself to his heart's content.

From this new book, *On Making a Will*, it is perfectly clear that Mr. Dooley is still in the ring. The man who can speak of the "anti-vivisectionists that has nacharally more iv a fellow feelin' f'r rabbits an' guinea pigs thin f'r human bein's" is not yet so limp as to need oxygen. He flings off remarks like "th' loud laugh that speaks th' vacant bottle," and not his most labored comment on Darwin or the summer resort can be called entirely flat. It is only when he is writing out of the thick of a genuine interest, however, that the formulae of exaggeration and slap-stick are forgotten, and the real values of life are recognized. Then Peter Dunne strikes a gait where no one can touch him as a commentator on the American whirligig. He is not a highbrow commentator. He is merely a seer. But he is not the cold sort of seer whose superiority condemns him to stand isolated, like an arc-lamp blinking among the human may-flies and june-bugs. He is a warm-blooded seer, with a bit of the sun in him. He is full of homely intimacy with the world—not the world of calories and carbohydrates but the world of ham and beans, the world as it looks and feels. He lays hold of convenient current conceptions with loving fondness, only to turn them upside down with absurd facility. He sees with cutting clearness the ordinary run of human illusions, and these he plays with not because he is purely malicious or destructive but because he owes to his sagacity the service of his wit. That service, so often spent on the harlequinade and buffoonery of his profession, remains at his command for the illumination of our common fatuity. When he is at his best, he touches nothing which he does not expose.

It is with politics, probably, that this book is most happily at home. "Is th' President a good goluf player, d' ye

know, at all?" asked Mr. Hennessy after a moment of judicial silence. "As a goluf player he cud give Lincoln a sthroke a hole," said Mr. Dooley." This is the sort of caustic that Mr. Dooley loves to apply. "A statesman wud no more be seen goin' into a saloon thin he wud into a meetin' iv th' Anti-Semitic league. . . . He wishes to brand as a calumny th' statement that his wife uses an alcohol lamp to heat her curlin' irns." Mr. Bryan is a statesman whom, in this loving spirit, Mr. Dooley is charmed to contemplate. "Whin th' good Lord has give a man th' power iv speech in a volyum onknown in ancyent or modhren times, it is a shame f'r him to hide th' gift in a speechless job. To go an' make this gr-reat barytone Sictety iv State was like turnin' a nightingale into a hod carrier. . . . What does he sing about? He's set th' Bible to music. He's arrangin' th' articles iv war f'r th' piccolo. But his principal songs ar-re songs iv love."

Mr. Dooley's description of a banquet is a more extended example of this same genial extravagance, with a deadly sting always ready to strike.

"Did ye iver go to a bankit? Iv coorse not. Why did I ask ye such a foolish question? Well, ye go into a big room where there's a lot iv little tables occypied be people that ar-re there to injye themselves, an' a long, raised table where they stick th' condemned culprits. A man who has been chose because iv his harsh manners an' th' ready flow iv insults at his command sets in th' middle amongst them. He's the on'y wan at aise in th' line. An' why shudden't he be at aise? He's the ixicutioner. Th' others ar-re pale with ambition an' fright. They do not ate or dhrink anything that's passed to them. They don't speak to each other. Now an' thin they moisten their parched lips with a sip iv wather. But most iv th' time they're wurrugin' away with little stubs iv pencils polishin' up their last dyin' utterances."

Not less fun has Mr. Dooley with American criminal procedure, with the "higher baseball," with the wills of the wealthy and the egotism of age. Something wistful creeps into this, as into the talk on St. Patrick's Day, which recalls the communal Dooley of "back iv th' ya-ards." The comment on military glory, "it is on'y th' prisint that ain't romantic," is characteristic of the quieter and more pensive Mr. Dooley who is not trying to bring a laugh.

But Mr. Dooley, unfortunately, is obliged to bring laughs to hold down his job as court jester to the American people—or, more properly, the American bourgeoisie. For it is the bourgeoisie whose limitations this American Juvenal has accepted, and it is to tickle them that he spends himself on the facetiae of summer resorts, cards, golf, newspaper fame, newspaper doctors, newspaper Darwinism, newspaper Rockefellers and Carnegies. Possessing real insight, suggesting real omniscience, he lavishes himself on the patent trivialities and jocularities of the paper-made American world. He scores hard and often—on a newspaper target. Only occasionally does he disregard that target and pierce the heart of life.

Yet it is the heart of life which really invites the genius that Peter Dunne has squandered. Had he given his comic perception free rein, what might he not have done for America? Imagine the release of his real comment on this nation of villagers, in an easier and less arbitrary form than his present form of unconditional humor.

Imagine our whole system examined by him in the Rabelaisian spirit that is profoundly natural to him—examined in its pullulations not less than in its bandaged mummies. Golf has its jokes, undoubtedly, but it has no joke such a joke as golf itself. And so with the war. Peter

Dunne, the man whose humor necessarily emancipates his judgment beyond immediate profit and loss, never really touched the screeching humor of this latest Holy War. The gentlemen who are supporting our system for their own sweet ends have their comic aspect—educators like Mr. Lowell of Harvard, churchmen like Cardinal Gibbons, philanthropists like Mr. Rosenwald, labor leaders like Mr. Gompers, financier-propagandists like Mr. Lamont. These may be too small fry for a Juvenal, but the collision of systems is never suspended and its secret explosions have never ceased to summon Peter Dunne. To explain why they have not seriously engaged him would be to explain the penalties of respectability. Mr. Dunne is a true humorist but not sufficiently disreputable. Hence he is still required to dwell on the irresistible funniness of golf.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Soviet Russia From the Inside

Russia in 1919, by Arthur Ransome. New York: B. Huebsch.

IN all the machinery of the war there has been nothing to compare in efficiency with the general censorship. In former times it was almost impossible even to keep the major strategic plans from filtering through to the enemy, and the whole tendency of recent years, with the acceleration of the movement of persons and letters and printed matter, with the multiplication of telegraphs and telephones and the institution of wireless communication, seemed to guarantee that little of importance could happen anywhere without the whole world's knowledge. But if the transmission of intelligence has put on seven league boots, the censorship has put on eight league boots, and has besides commandeered all the mists and the darkness of night. It blotted from the vision of the world a whole great country, through months and years. Until recently one could, if he chose, believe that the only industry surviving in Russia was the execution of atrocities, just as one can still believe anything he likes about the Aztec state. It was possible to know as much about the one as about the other. Or, if one refused to believe absurdities, even those that had been officially circulated at great expense, he simply had a blank space in his mind where he needed facts. No candid American will deny that he read with astonishment of the record-breaking fair held last month at Nijni Novgorod, in the heart of Soviet Russia. We had all been sufficiently influenced by anti-Russian propaganda to suppose that business was quite flat in the Soviet territory.

Plainly we cannot begin too soon to fill in the gaps in our knowledge of Russian conditions. For this purpose there is nothing better available than Arthur Ransome's excellent book, *Russia in 1919*. The author is a modest man, and acknowledges in his preface a deficiency in knowledge of economics that his work nowhere betrays. But that is the only trace of insincerity in the book. For the rest it is a straightforward account of what life in Soviet Russia seems like to an uncommonly intelligent and honest Englishman, whose thorough acquaintance with Russia and familiarity with the Russian language, customs and character qualify him exceptionally for the work of getting at the relevant facts.

The book begins with a matter of fact account of the author's journey from Stockholm to Petrograd last February. The journey was, of course, without dramatic

incident, since the revolution had long since passed out of the stage of sporadic disorders that might interrupt railway traffic. Petrograd, naturally, was hungry and cold, but quite orderly. Under the oppression of the Red army? Oh, no.

The most noticeable thing in Petrograd, to any one returning after six months' absence, is the complete disappearance of armed men. The town seems to have returned to a perfectly peaceable condition in the sense that the need for revolutionary patrols has gone. Soldiers walking about no longer carry their rifles, and the picturesque figures of the revolution who wore belts of machine-gun cartridges slung about their persons have gone.

There wasn't much for Arthur Ransome at Petrograd, however. He looked up Zinoviev, who got into our list of fabled monsters a year ago, when the Red Terror followed upon the attempted assassination of Lenin.

Zinoviev is a Jew, with a lot of hair, a round, smooth face, and a very abrupt manner. . . . He is neither an original thinker nor a good orator except in debate, in answering opposition, which he does with extreme skill. His nerve was badly shaken by the murder of his friends, Volodarsky and Uritzky last year, and he is said to have lost his head after the attack on Lenin, to whom he is extremely devoted.

But most of the fabled monsters are in Moscow, at the seat of government, and thither, after a brief delay, Arthur Ransome betook himself. I must pass without comment the deft touches with which the author pictures the appearance of Moscow, hungry and cold, with trade nationalized, housing nationalized and almost everything wanting but the courage and energy of the Soviet leaders. Arthur Ransome was so fortunate as to be in time for the famous meeting of the Executive Committee, when the Soviet reply to the Prinkipo proposal was discussed. Chicherin, naturally, led the discussion.

He weighed, in no very hopeful spirit, the possibilities of this last note to the Allies having any serious result. He estimated the opposing tendencies for and against war with Russia in each of the principal countries concerned. The growth of revolutionary feeling abroad made imperialistic governments even more aggressive towards the Workers' and Peasants' Republic than they would otherwise be. . . . Chicherin speaks as if he were a dead man or a ventriloquist's lay figure. And indeed, he is half dead. He has never learnt the art of releasing himself from drudgery by handing it over to his subordinates. He is permanently tired out.

Then Bucharin spoke.

A little eager figure in his neat brown clothes . . . he at least makes himself clearly heard, though his voice has a funny tendency to breaking. . . . He regarded the League of Nations as a sort of capitalist syndicate, and said that the difference in the French and American attitude towards the League depended upon the position of French and American capital. Capital in France was so weak that she could at best be only a small shareholder. . . . This is a fixed idea of Bucharin's. . . . Litvinov followed Bucharin. "A solid, jolly, round man, with his peaked grey fur hat on his head, rounder than ever in fur collared thick coat, his eyeglasses sipping from his nose as he got up, his grey muffler hanging from his neck. . . . He spoke very well, with more sequence than Bucharin, and much vitality, and gave his summary of the position abroad. He said (and Lenin expressed the same view to me afterward) that the hostility of different countries to

Soviet Russia, varied in direct proportion to their fear of revolution at home. . . . Fear that the mere existence of a labor government anywhere in the world strengthens the revolutionary movement elsewhere, was the motive for the desire to wipe out the Soviet at all cost.

What every one would most like to know about Soviet Russia is just how the program of communism is actually administered. Arthur Ransome provides some information on this point, though the reader is left hungry for more. Transport: for example: Moscow needs a hundred cars a day, but could seldom get more than twenty. But, as Pavlovitch, president of the committee on state constructions put it, "war spoils everything."

This committee should be at work on affairs of peace, making Russia more useful to herself and to the rest of the world. You know our plans. But with fighting on all our fronts, and with our best men away, we are compelled to use ninety per cent of our energy and material for the immediate needs of the army. Every day we get masses of telegrams from all fronts, asking for this or that. For example, Trotsky telegraphs here simply, "We shall be in Orenburg in two days," leaving us to do what is necessary. Then with the map before me, I have to send what will be needed, no matter what useful work has to be abandoned meanwhile, engineers, railway gangs for putting right the railways, material for bridges, and so on.

They are hard-working men, these Soviet leaders, and straight thinking, if sometimes wrongheaded. It is remarkable how loyal they are to Lenin, and how they respect him. What kind of man is Lenin, anyway? The historians will puzzle over him, if there is even a grain of truth in the libels that have been floated in the western countries. Here is a picture of him according to Arthur Ransome—a picture not discordant, by the way, with the other authentic accounts of Lenin that have come through.

This little, baldheaded, wrinkled man, who tilts his chair this way and that, laughing over one thing or another, ready any minute to give serious advice to any who interrupt him to ask for it, advice so well reasoned that it is to his followers far more compelling than any command, every one of his wrinkles is a wrinkle of laughter, not of worry. I think the reason must be that he is the first great leader who utterly discounts the value of his own personality. He is quite without personal ambition. More than that, he believes, as a Marxist, in the movement of the masses which, with or without him, would still move on.

It is a colossal problem that these men have set for themselves, to maintain order in face of the determined efforts to destroy them by factions supported by the greatest foreign subsidies ever thrown into a civil conflict; to provision a people in face of every obstacle that enemies at home and abroad can throw across the path; to put together a new economic order out of the shattered and demoralized elements of the old. It is a cheap and safe prediction that the new order will not come off according to specifications. Any one who will compare the hopes of universal happiness inspired a hundred and fifty years ago by the program of that "simple and natural system of liberty"—capitalism—with the present realization, will find himself compelled to discount all hopes of perfection. Capitalism is an experiment still and appears to be coming out very badly. Sovietism is an experiment: shall it not come out badly?

The Soviet leaders are not sparing themselves labor, nor avoiding their share in the general privation in their at-

tempt to discover whether there is or is not anything in the idea that a more democratic economic system can work at all. And while this vital experiment is going on what are our democratic nations of Europe and America doing? We are levying war upon them, on the flimsiest pretexts that have ever served to justify aggression. We are continuing the war after the Soviet government has declared in advance its readiness to accept the most disadvantageous terms of peace that even an elder statesman would have the face to propose. What can these Russians think of our democratic and humanitarian pretensions? One infers from Arthur Ransome that they are simply unable to take those pretensions seriously. They are unable to believe that even the most benighted among us can fail to penetrate the humbug of the Allied case against Russia. We act like men crazed by the fear that our property interest might suffer if anywhere in the world property ceased to dominate political and economic life. And the Soviet leaders imagine that our motives are more honestly expressed in our gross action than in our fine words. ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Divine Right of Kings

The Political Works of James I, Reprinted from the Edition of 1916, with an Introduction by Charles Howard McIlwain, Professor of History and Government in Harvard University. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

PROFESSOR MCILWAIN deserves the thanks of all students of political thought for this sumptuous edition of James the First's political works. There can be little doubt but that it will remain standard for many years to come. The apparatus criticus is first class, and the careful introduction not only sets the text in its proper philosophical background, but raises interesting problems which might have been elaborated.

It may seem a far cry now-a-days to the theory of the Divine Right of Kings, but to the student who watches evolution, that theory filled an important place between the transition from mediaeval to modern ideas of the state. The principle *cujus regio ejus religio* was the outcome of the break up of mediaeval theory and it needed, so it seemed, some bulwark of divinity. Men were slow to grasp any new idea of a commonwealth in which Church and State were two distinct entities—or groups, and James I was not only no exception to the rule, but was one of the most doughty literary champions of the transition. This championship made him the lifelong opponent of Puritans and Jesuits. Both, in striving for a place for their religions, opposed the secular power. They thus helped to greet the far off dawn of toleration, which their own dark nights of intolerance made all the more rosy-red. Professor McIlwain justly points out that both Calvinist and Jesuit were opportunists in their opposition to the old idea of uniformity carried over into the Sixteenth Century from the Middle Ages, but he is careful to point out that this opportunism was directed by a high motive—*jus divinum*—and was far removed from the modern specimen. It is in this connection that Professor McIlwain might have developed his introduction. There was ample opportunity to work out thoroughly the philosophy of the state, and to show how at least negatively the theory of the Divine Right of Kings paved the way for modern republicanism and for the anti-Austinian conception of modern days. Dr. Figgis's work—brilliant though it is—would not have suf-

ferred by being passed through the medium of Professor McIlwain's clearer thought and style.

As it is, however, we must thank him for a first class piece of work. There are doubtless places where the Tudor pamphlet literature is incomplete and the bibliography might have included Dr. W. P. M. Kennedy's essay on Cardinal Allan and Burghley, but on the whole the edition is admirable and should call for grateful recognition from all students of English political thought.

W. P. M. K.

Pater Reprinted

Sketches and Reviews by Walter Pater. New York: Boni and Liveright.

TO write an essay on Walter Pater apropos of this collection of fugitive writings would certainly be to invent a case. There is no particular connection running through the volume, it is a reprinting of detached writings which Pater for the most part—the Aesthetic Poetry was included in *Appreciations*, 1889—did not care to reprint. But Pater for a long time now has been so important that any writings of his will be for many people significant; and the publication of these was well worth the venture.

The volume contains for the most part reviews, on Oscar Wilde's *Dorian Grey*, on Arthur Symons, on George Moore as an art critic, on some Wordsworth editions, on Le Maître's *Serenus*, and two on the life and letters of Pater's favorite Flaubert. Besides these there is an essay on Coleridge as a theologian, and the first in the book on Aesthetic Poetry.

As time passed, from 1886 on, Pater began to be in demand as a reviewer extraordinary. And, as is well known, his reviews, though he sometimes relaxed the laborious finish that he gave to his other writings, were matters of deep concern to him. He kept a book sometimes a year before his criticism of it satisfied his taste. As a reviewer he was kindly and sympathetic and enthusiastic wherever possible; sometimes, indeed, he permits himself, I think, a kind of soft thinness. The reviews now reprinted are in the main slight and highly occasional. They have their weak spots, but they have also a good deal of Pater in them. And they are interesting land-marks in the history of the literary careers of Oscar Wilde, Arthur Symons and George Moore. Mr. Moore has spoken of the thrill he had on reading the reviews of his *Modern Painting* "by the greatest writer in the world."

The most important thing in the book is the Aesthetic Poetry. It was written in 1868 and so represents Pater's early period. Morris's *Defence of Guenevere*, and *Other Poems* is to be taken as the subject of the essay; but Pater wanders far into a pale and mystical discourse not definitely critical. At many points he speaks of the enjoyment of this new poetry as "that inversion of homesickness known to some, that incurable thirst for the sense of escape which no actual form of life satisfies, no poetry even, if it be merely simple and spontaneous." He speaks of the "influence of summer like a poison in one's blood" and so on, veritable fleurs du mal, as Mr. Benson says. But that Pater should have omitted this essay in the 1890 edition of *Appreciations*, after including it in the first edition a year sooner, is curiously interesting. Perhaps he found that his sympathetic inclusiveness and understanding had committed him in a region in which he did not care to be remembered as dwelling. Or perhaps—and I think this more likely—he

had permitted himself for this once to express a side of himself that he did not care to cultivate, a style of feeling that was ill-suited to his somewhat austere conception of what his life and work were to be.

But here and there throughout the book the true Pater shines unforgettable in words or phrases or passages. Coleridge was a virtuous sophist whose style, he says, "became a kind of credulity or superstition exercised upon abstract words." "Dogmas are precious as memorials of sincere and beautiful spirits, which in a past age of humanity struggled with many tears if not for true knowledge, yet for a noble and elevated happiness. That struggle is the substance, the dogma only its shadowy expression; received traditionally in an altered age, it is the shadow of a shadow."

Everywhere in the book appears his belief in art as implying always "the personal, the uncontrollable." "Only be sure," as he says elsewhere, of the quickening of our sense of life, our sense of ourselves, "only be sure that it does yield you the fruit of the quickened multiplied consciousness." And through even these slighter reviews we trace that pursuit of his of the vraie vérité (as he liked to put it) about the world in which he dwelt.

S. Y.

Peter Middleton

Peter Middleton, by Henry K. Marks. Boston: R. G. Badger.

AMONG new American novels Peter Middleton stands out as seriously conceived and written. Evidently a first novel, it has something of a first novel's naïveté, but it is an unusually fresh and resourceful attempt to handle a large theme.

Peter Middleton is an undeveloped youth of good New York family. He is a painter, but his work as a painter is of no interest to the beautiful young worldling whom he marries, and his fortune is too tiny to satisfy her. The intrusion of a wealthy "red-blooded" man fascinates her. After a futile attempt to assert himself the youth agrees to divorce his wife and he takes the quixotic step of giving her a legal excuse. He is innocent enough to suppose that the excuse is not legal in New York unless he actually has sexual intercourse outside marriage, and he contracts syphilis in fulfilling the legal requirement. His ignorance of this disease is a decisive element in the story, and leads in the end to his suicide. But before he acknowledges himself a weakling and a failure, as everyone terms him, he almost succeeds in being supported into self-development by a woman whom he meets on his way to Europe. He is separated from her while he goes to live in Berlin. He meets her again when he resumes painting in Copenhagen; and only the death of his mother and his subsequent marriage in New York—marriage to a clinging little German—keeps him from working out his salvation through this sustaining person who is wise enough to treat him as the child he is.

Middleton's adventures in Berlin include a rather joyless intimacy with a "celebrated actress." The point of this episode is not romantic. It is the actress's contraction of syphilis from the still ignorant Middleton. Both in the actress's case and in Middleton's case the physician is culpable. Middleton meets no good physician until the final crash.

His second marriage is due to his inability to say "no."

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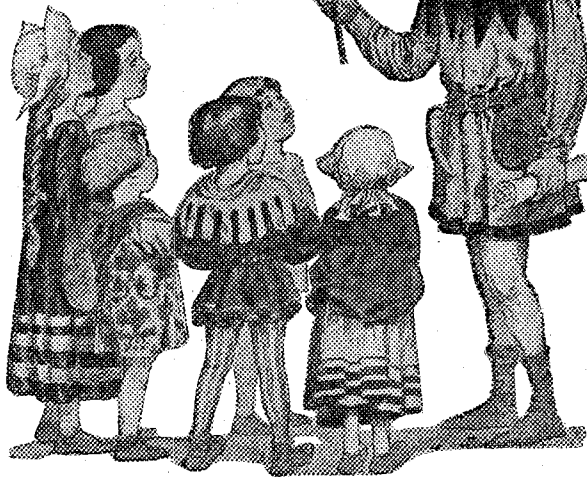
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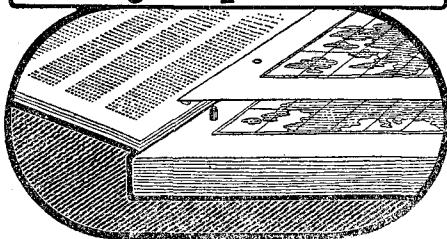
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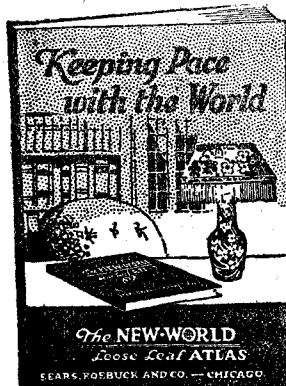
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It forces him to live in an extraordinarily pink boudoir in the heart of his bourgeois German family-in-law. This family-in-law grates on him terribly, especially when it drags him to Sea Gate in the summer; but the humor of it ends with his wife's miscarriage and his own paralysis as a result of his unsuspected disease. This is the last strain on his infantility of character, and when he learns the facts he escapes by way of suicide.

The worst chapters of this novel are the fashionable chapters. They take fashionableness with a too knowing conventionality. In the tracing of Peter's infantile relation with the maternal Elisabeth Lissinger there is a much finer touch and a much less hackneyed perception. The handling of the German family is also sensitive, although there is considerable stereotyped emphasis on Peter's escape to his Gramercy Park studio with its celadon and apricot walls.

Such a novel as Peter Middleton is not, however, to be judged by its lapses into social or aesthetic banality. Its achievement is its firm study of a non-combatant artist trying unsuccessfully to make himself at home in the crude world. The usual mawkishness of self-pity is absent. There is instead an adjustment of sympathy and impartiality, so far as the character is concerned; a sense of movement in the narrative, and in addition, a rather piquant observation of the New York and Berlin scenes.

French Ways and Their Meaning, by Edith Wharton, New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SOME American snobs adopt England; others adopt France. Mrs. Wharton has adopted France. Although her American horizon is bounded on the north by Bar Harbor, on the south by Aiken and has no westward extension, it seems to have been borne in upon her that certain untutored sections of the A. E. F. have come back with crude depreciations of France. This small book is apparently her attempt to set them right. She sets them right ethnologically. The difference between "Latin" and "Anglo-Saxon" is the difference between "those whose social polity dates from the Forum, and those who still feel and legislate in terms of the primæval forest." Thirty thousand years ago, according to Mrs. Wharton, the first Frenchmen, scratched lovely pictures on their cliff-dwellings, and to the heirs of so venerable a culture how dare an infant nation raise the wail of criticism? If the French have faults, they are those inevitably contingent on an ancient civilization. They are not coarse pioneer faults. Americans, for instance, care for money-making as an end in itself (an observation presented as new by Mrs. Wharton) whereas, the French, who admittedly also care for money, seek it only as a means of providing for their children and of enjoying life to the full. And so goes on the apologia pro patria sua. Can it be possible that America will survive this apologist and France this defender?

Contributors

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, a Chicago journalist. During the war he served with the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, for the Committee of Public Information.

WILLIAM P. CROZIER, a writer on military and naval topics for the Manchester Guardian.

H. N. BRAILSFORD has frequently contributed to the New Republic.

ALICE HAMILTON, bacteriologist, a member of the American Association for Labor Legislation and a contributor of articles to scientific and other journals.

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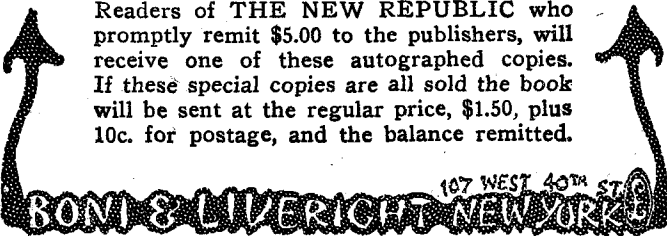
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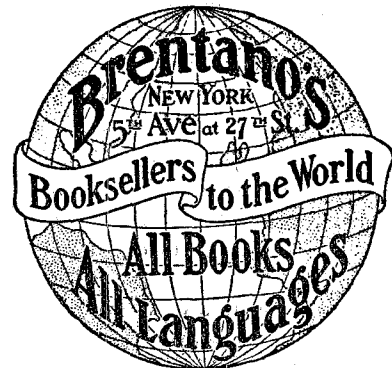
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